

No. 26

AUG.  
SEPT.



PUSS 'N POOCH



# Leading COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

A 52 PAGE  
MAGAZINE

*featuring*

**PETER  
PORKCHOPS**

TEN  
CENTS



C'MON IN-  
IT'S **NOT**  
**DEEP!!**





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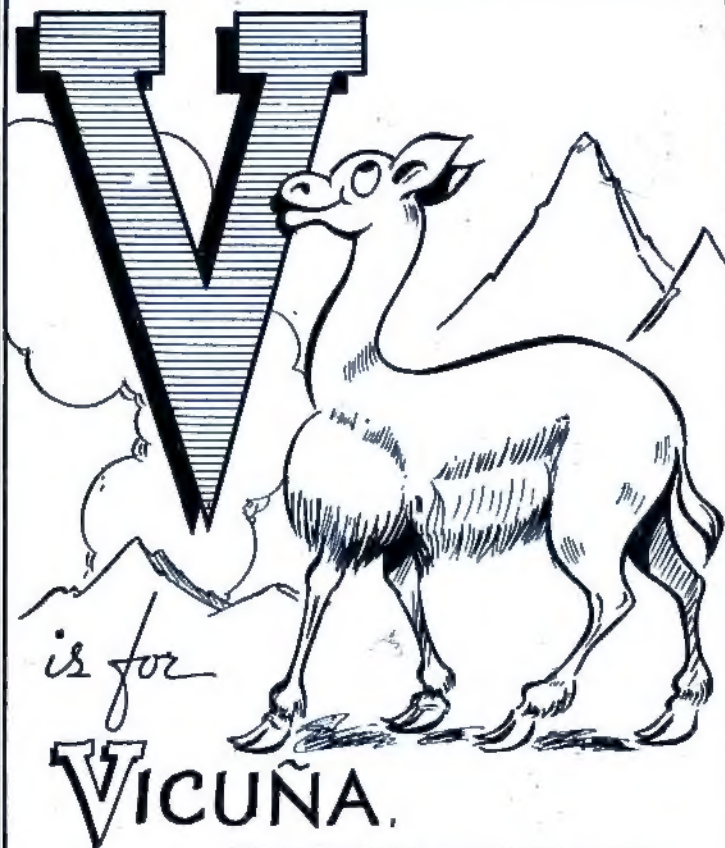
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WONDER WOMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



DOWN SOUTH AMERICA WAY,  
HE RUMINATES ON GRASSES  
AND HE SAYS  
"NOW THAT AIN'T HAY!"  
"AND AS FOR COMIC BOOKS,  
MY FRIENDS,  
I'LL TELL YOU FOLKS NO LIE-  
THE ONES THAT BEAR  
THIS GOOD OLD SIGN  
ARE THE ONLY ONES TO BUY!"



ON THE COVER OF  
**BUZZY**  
FOR EXAMPLE,  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN ANY COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

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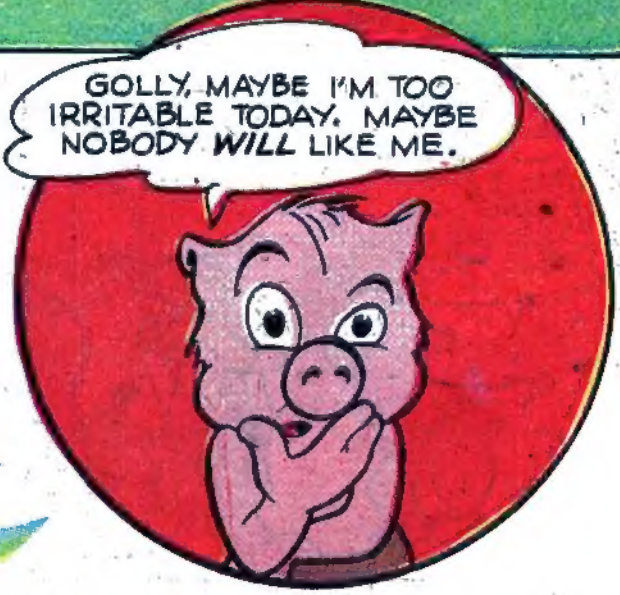
# PETER PORKCHOPS



'GOSH! Y'DON'T  
NEED TO BE SO  
DISAGREEABLE!'



NOBODY'LL  
LIKE  
YOU!



GOLLY, MAYBE I'M TOO  
IRRITABLE TODAY. MAYBE  
NOBODY *WILL* LIKE ME.



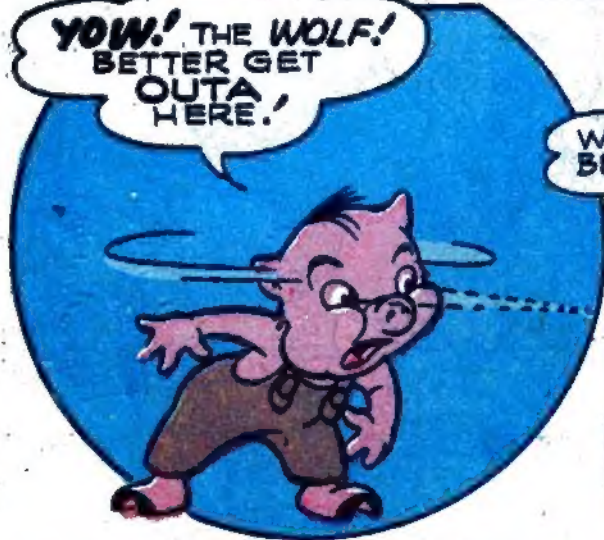
I'LL CHANGE! I'LL BE ABSOLUTELY AGREEABLE! I'LL AGREE WITH EVERYBODY!



ALL DAY TODAY, NO MATTER WHAT ANYBODY ASKS ME, I'LL DO IT!



YOW! THE WOLF! BETTER GET OUTA HERE!



HOLD, MY LITTLE FRIEND. I AM FAR TOO WEARY TO CHASE OR MOLEST YOU.

REALLY? WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER?



THE TRUTH IS, I AM SO HUNGRY THAT MY PELT WOULD FALL OFF ME WERE IT NOT HELD ON AT THE SHOULDERS.

TSK. I HAPPEN TO HAVE SOME VERY NICE CABBAGE AT MY HOME, BUT—

CABBAGE, NO. I DETEST THE STUFF. THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD SAVE MY LIFE WOULD BE SOME NICE—

YES?





**-ROAST PORK!**

OH!

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU—?

WELL, I-ER—

REMEMBER, PETER—YOU SAID "NO MATTER WHAT ANY-BODY ASKS ME, I'LL DO IT."

I DID SAY THAT, DIDN'T I?

I WILL MAKE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE, SINCE YOU ASK IT OF ME. WE'LL GO TO YOUR HOUSE.

STOUT FELLA!

—AND I DO MEAN STOUT!

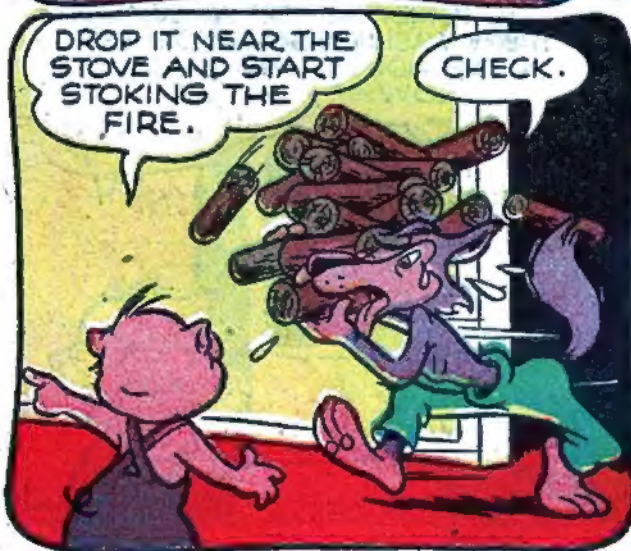
I MUST SAY, IT'S NICE OF YOU TO CARRY ME!

I LIKE TO BE AGREEABLE!

AH! HOME! A SHORT WHILE AGO, THERE WASN'T A SCRAP OF FOOD IN THE HOUSE, AND NOW—

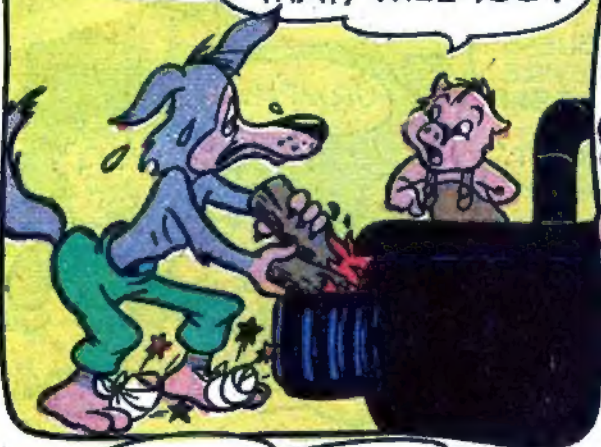
—AND NOW—ME!







IT SAYS YOU SHOULD HAVE A  
VERY HOT OVEN. TEST  
THAT, WILL YOU?



NOW A LARGE KETTLE OF  
WATER... AND THEN LOTS  
OF PEELED POTATOES...  
PLENTY OF ONIONS...



ER—WHEN DO WE ... I MEAN,  
WHEN DO I  
EAT?

WE'RE ALMOST  
THROUGH... JUST SOME  
SPICES. TAKE A SNIFF  
AND SEE IF THEY'RE  
FRESH!



SNIFF A GOOD  
SNIFF!









# Luke APPLING

CHAMPION SHORT-  
STOP OF THE CHICAGO  
WHITE SOX

FANCY FIELDING  
LUKE TURNED IN  
505 ASSISTS  
IN 1946. IN  
THIS DEPARTMENT,  
HE TOPPED AMERI-  
CAN LEAGUE  
SHORTSTOPS FOR  
THE SEVENTH  
TIME — A NEW  
LEAGUE RECORD



A GREAT HITTER  
AS WELL AS A SPEC-  
TACULAR FIELDER, APPLING HAS  
RAPPED OUT 2,261 SAFETIES.  
AT THE CLOSE OF THE 1946 SEASON  
HE OWNED MORE HITS THAN ANY  
REGULAR PLAYER IN THE MAJOR  
LEAGUES



"I FIGURE IT'S SMART  
TO RIDE WITH A WINNER,"  
SAYS LUKE APPLING. "THAT'S WHY  
YOU'LL FIND ME EATING MY WHEATIES  
JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING.  
I'VE BEEN DOING THAT FOR A  
LONG TIME, AND I STILL SAY  
A DISH OF MILK, FRUIT, AND  
WHEATIES — 'BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS' — CAN'T BE BEAT"

WHEATIES

## "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

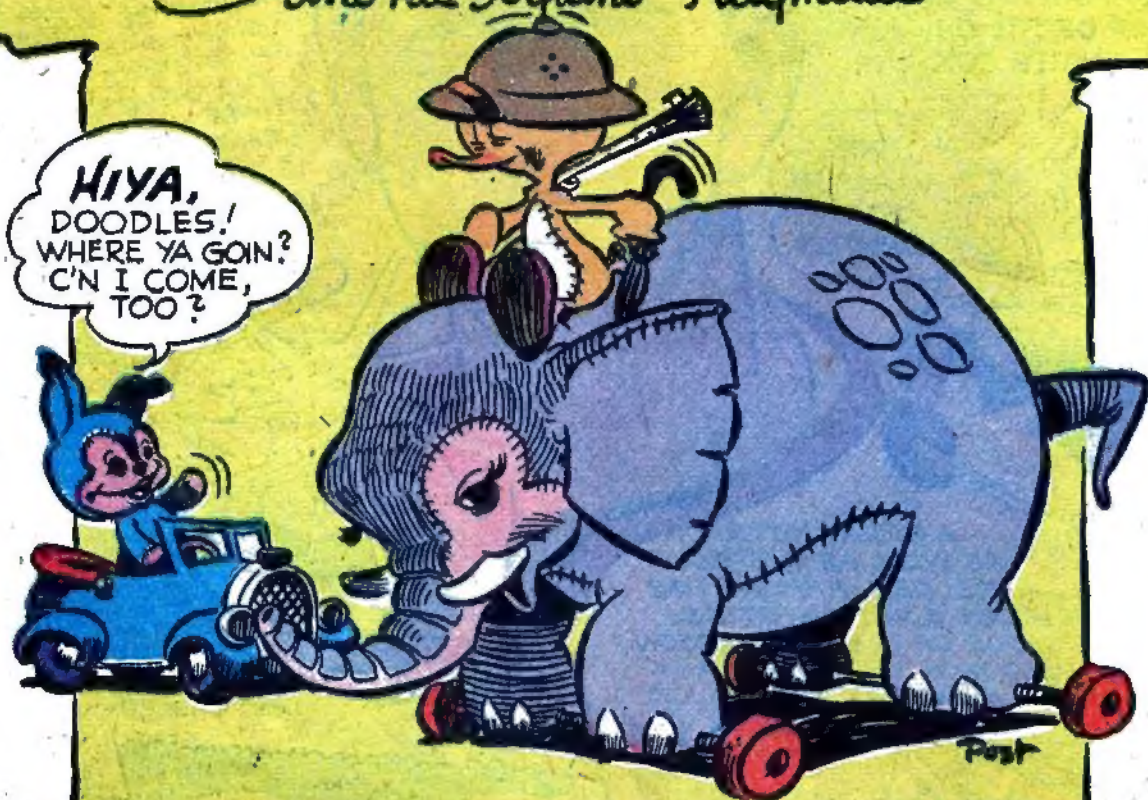
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions"  
are registered trade marks of  
General Mills, Inc.



# DOODLES DUCK

*and his Toyland Playmates*



HIYA,  
DOODLES!  
WHERE YA GOIN?  
C'N I COME,  
TOO?

YOU WILL PLEASE  
ADDRESS ME AS  
SAHIB FRANK DUCK.  
I AM OFF TO THE  
INTERIOR ON A  
HUNT FOR BIG  
GAME.

I DON'T SEE WHY YA  
GOTTA GO HUNT FOR  
BIG GAMES. WE GOT  
ALL THE GAMES WE  
NEED RIGHT HERE IN  
THE TOYROOM—MARBLES,  
PING-PONG, BUILDING  
SETS...

AW! I DON'T MEAN  
THOSE KIND OF  
GAMES—HOP ON  
AND I'LL SHOW  
YA.





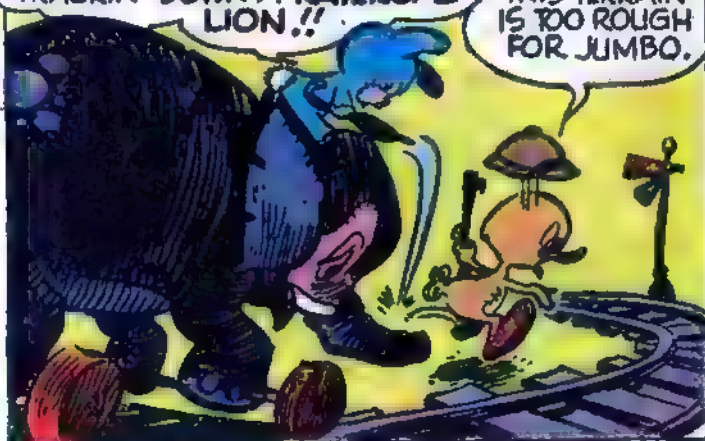
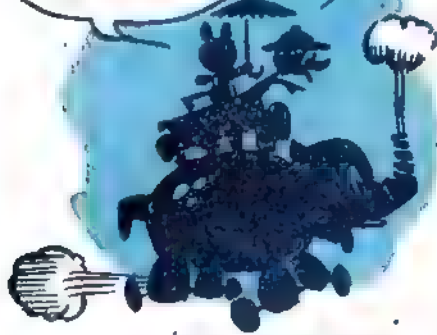
AND SO...

WE'VE BEEN ON THIS SAFARI RIDE FOR HOURS. WHEN DO WE START HUNTING?

LOOK! TRACKS!

YEAH, RAILROAD TRACKS. NEXT THING YOU'LL TELL ME—YOU'RE TRACKIN' DOWN A RAILROAD LION!!

SSH! LET'S DISMOUNT! THIS TERRAIN IS TOO ROUGH FOR JUMBO.

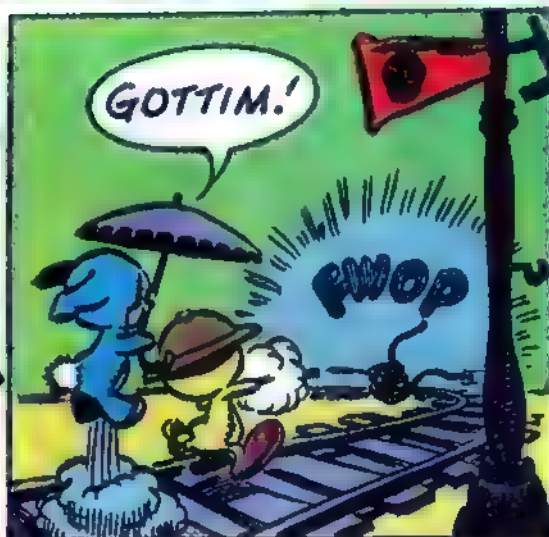


HOLD IT! I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHIN' IN MY SIGHTS!

YIKES! IT LOOKS LIKE A SNAKE, COILED UP AND READY TO SPRING—SHOOT!



GOTTIM!



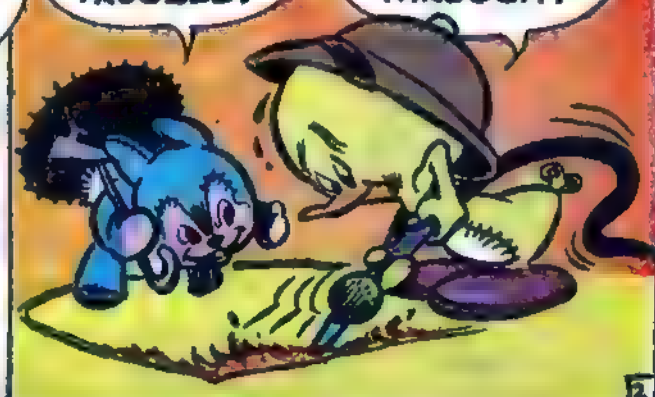
HAW! YOU'RE SURE BRINGIN' 'EM BACK ALIVE! IT LOOKS LIKE A LIVE WIRE TO ME!

NAW! IT'S AN ELECTRIC WOOD ENGRAVING SET. LET'S CARVE OUR INITIALS SOMEPLACE!

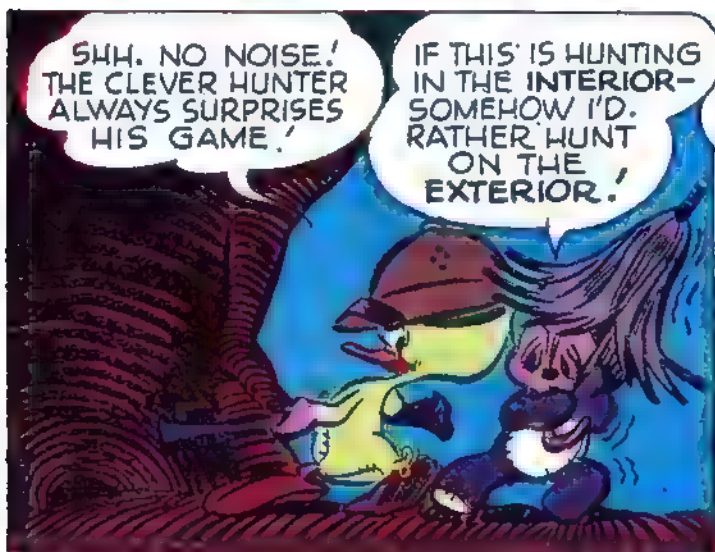
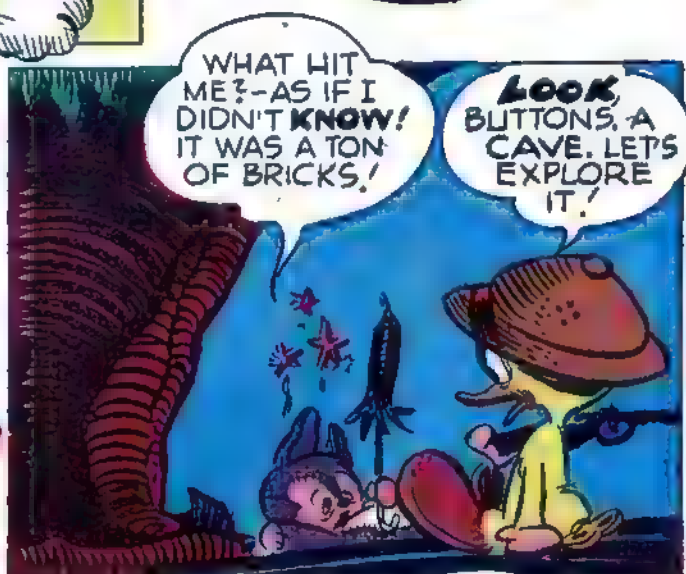
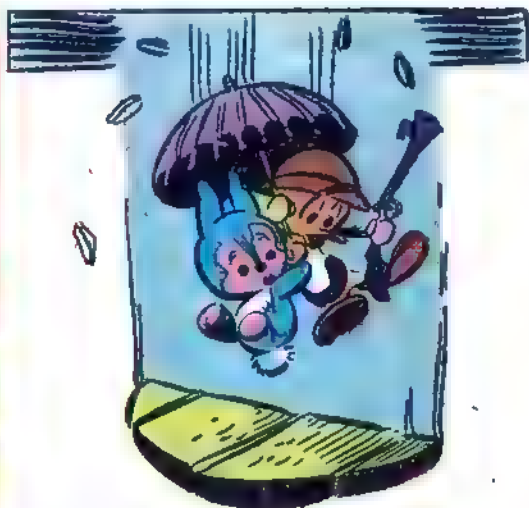
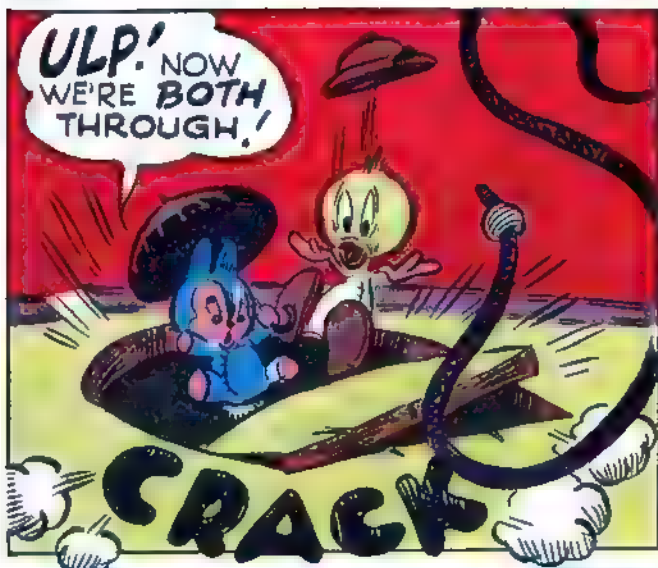


WHAT'RE YA HUNTING FOR NOW? TROUBLE?

I'M CARVING A BIG "D"—DON'T BOTHER ME TILL I'M THROUGH!









DOGHOUSE  
NOTHIN'. WE'RE  
IN THE **DOG!**  
LET'S BEAT IT!

**PHEW!** THAT SURE  
WAS CLOSE, WASN'T  
IT?... B-BUTTONS...  
B...B...

**GRRR!**

**SLAM**

**BUTTONS!** MY  
POOR PAL! SOB...  
DEE-VOURED IN  
THE MONSTROUS  
JAWS OF A  
VICIOUS...

**HEY!**  
QUIT GABBIN'  
AN' GET ME  
OUT OF HERE  
BEFORE I GIVE  
THIS MUTT  
INDIGESTION!

**HUH?**  
A TALKIN'  
DOG?!

I SAID  
GET ME  
OUT OF  
HERE!

IT'S **BUTTONS!**  
GEE, HOW AM I  
GONNA GET HIM  
OUT WITHOUT  
ME GETTIN' IN??  
I GOT IT!

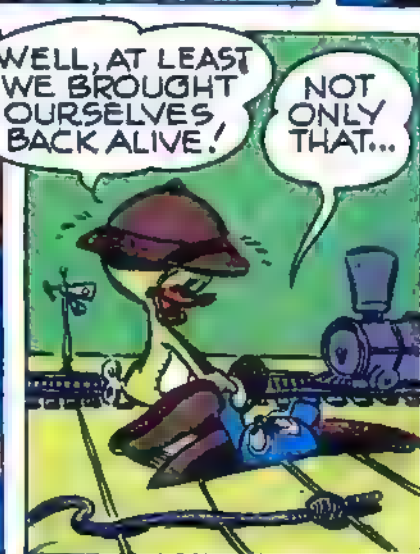
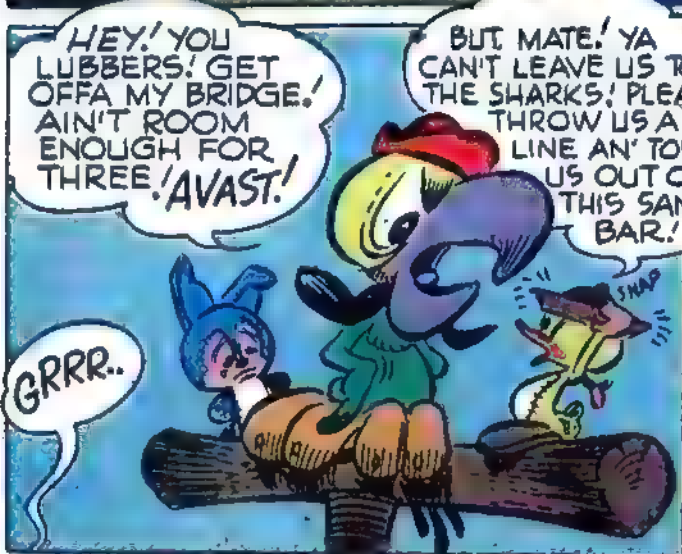
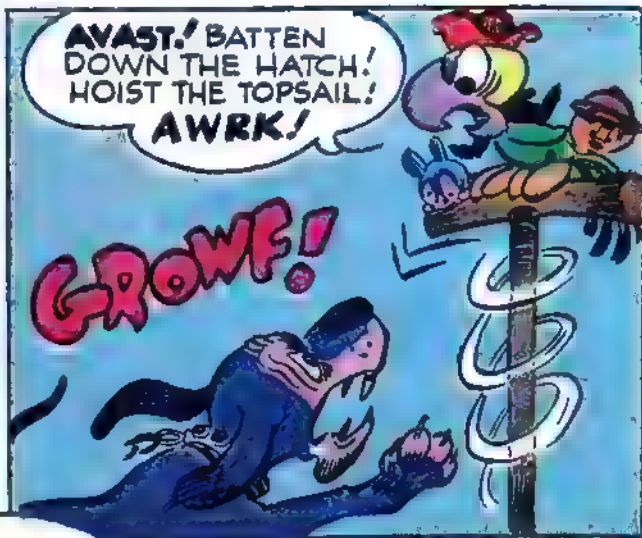
**HEY!** YA BIG  
MUTT! OPEN  
UP! I'M  
COMIN' IN  
FOR  
DESSERT!!

**SLAM!**

**HA!** FOOLED YA!  
BOY AM I GLAD I  
PUT THIS UMBRELLA  
AWAY FOR A RAINY  
DAY!

THAT'S  
MAH  
BOY!







**WOW! WHAT SLICK  
LUCKY PIECES  
FOR MY KEY CHAIN!**



Football



Clock



Piano



Skull



Skate



Trolley Car



Locomotive



Binoculars



Keys



Violin



Telephone

**ACTUAL SIZE!**

**GEE!  
WHAT NEAT  
CHARMS  
FOR MY BRACELET!**



**BOYS!**

Start your lucky-  
piece collection with this  
real he-man

**KEY CHAIN!**

Only one PEP box top and 15¢! Watch  
other kids' eyes bug out when you swing  
this big chain full of snappy lucky pieces!

**BIG!** OVER 1½ FEET LONG!  
FOR KEYS, KNIVES, ETC.

**GIRLS!**

Start your  
charm collection with  
this dainty

**CHARM BRACELET!**

Only one PEP box top and 10¢! Grand  
for secret club members or as a present  
for Mom! Send for your bracelet today!

**ADULT SIZE!** ROOM FOR  
ALL TWELVE CHARMS!

**"THE  
SUNSHINE  
CEREAL"**

**Kellogg's**

**PEP**  
WHOLE  
WHEAT

**EASY AS "A-B-C" TO GET!**



Just fill in coupon with name, address, and items wanted.

For each lucky charm or bracelet, enclose one PEP box top  
(the end marked "top") and 10¢.

For each key chain, enclose one PEP box top and 15¢.

Address envelope and mail to: KELLOGG COMPANY,  
DEPT. 10R, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

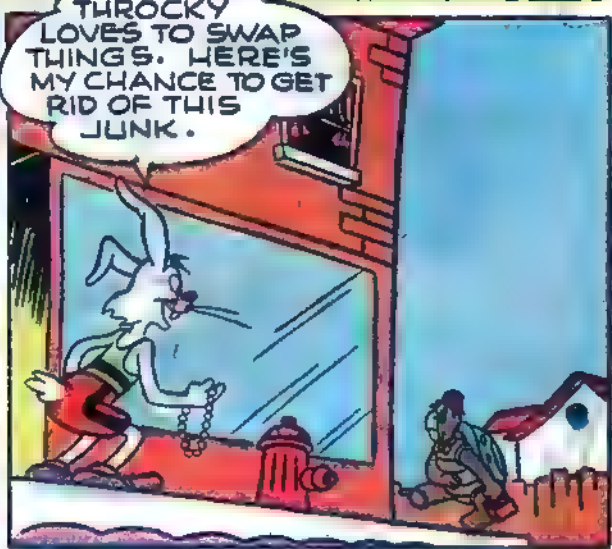
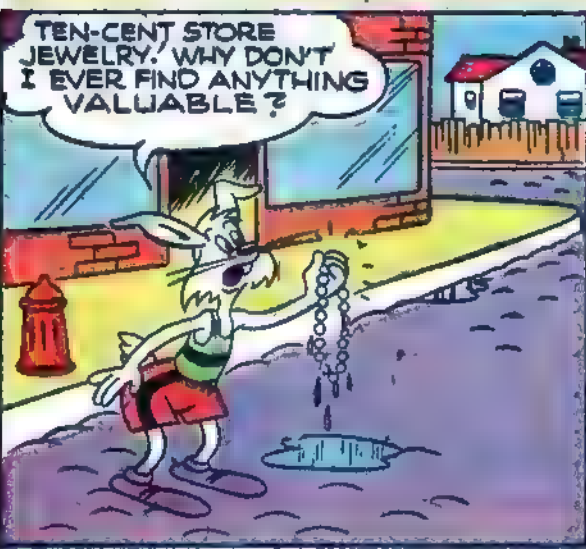
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

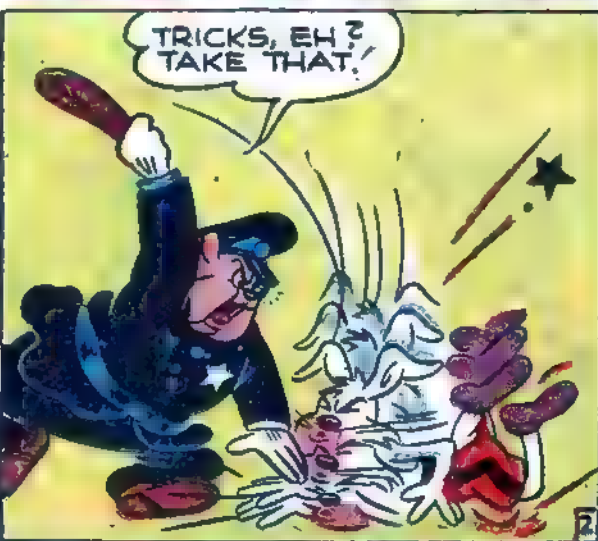
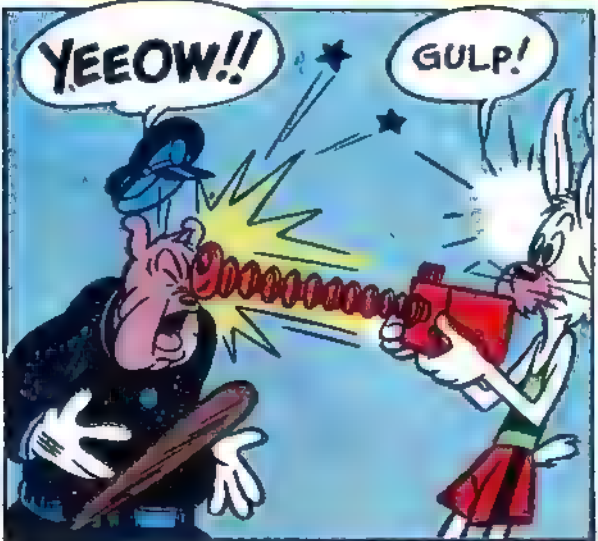
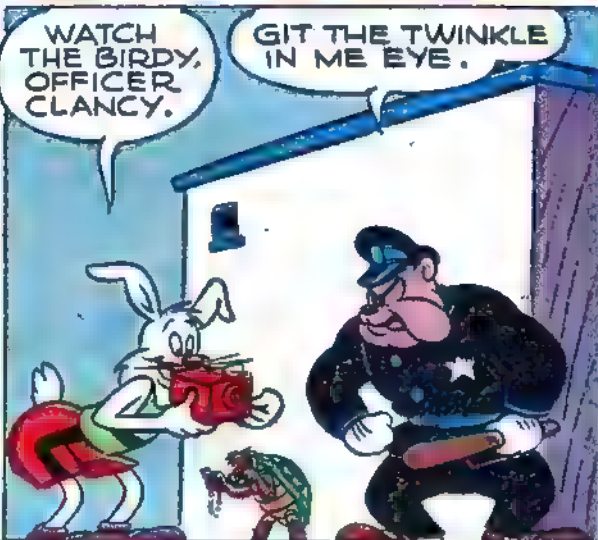
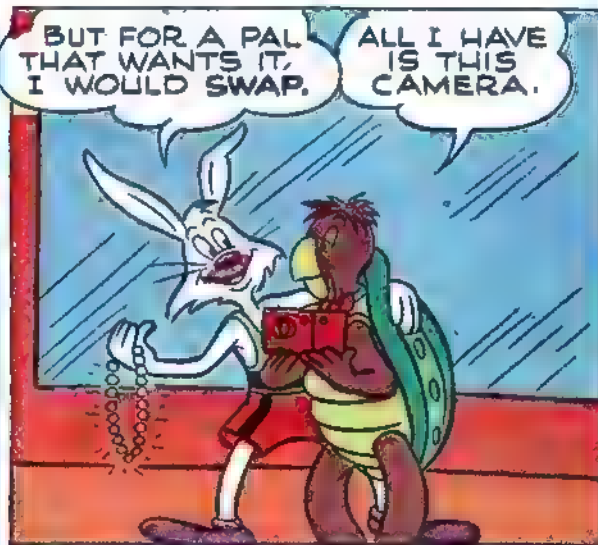
☐ Lucky Charms (write in names).....

☐ Charm Bracelet ☐ Key Chain (See note above)

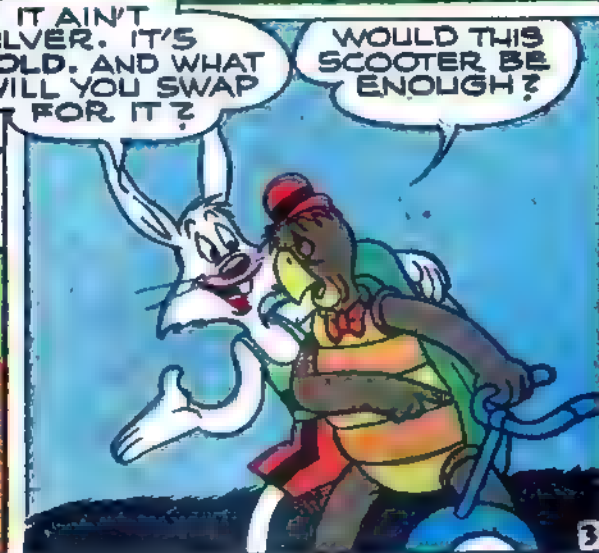
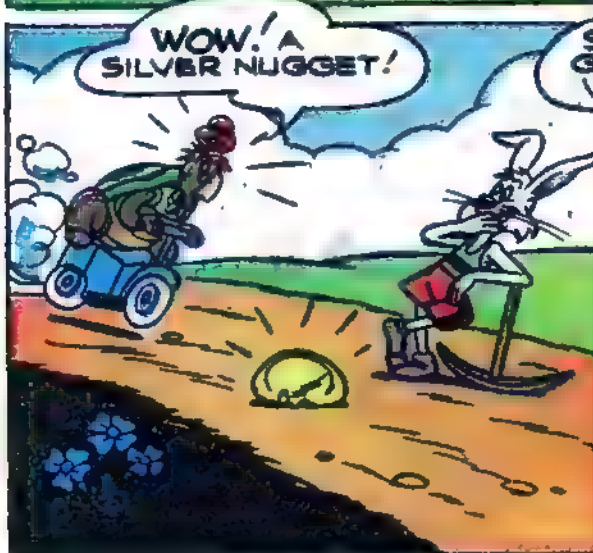
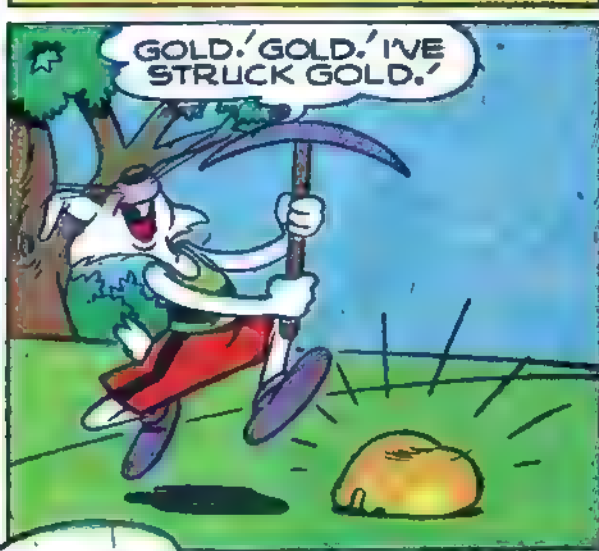
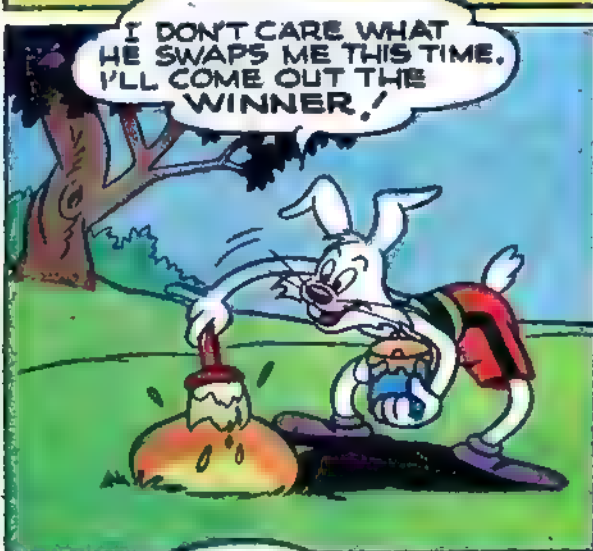
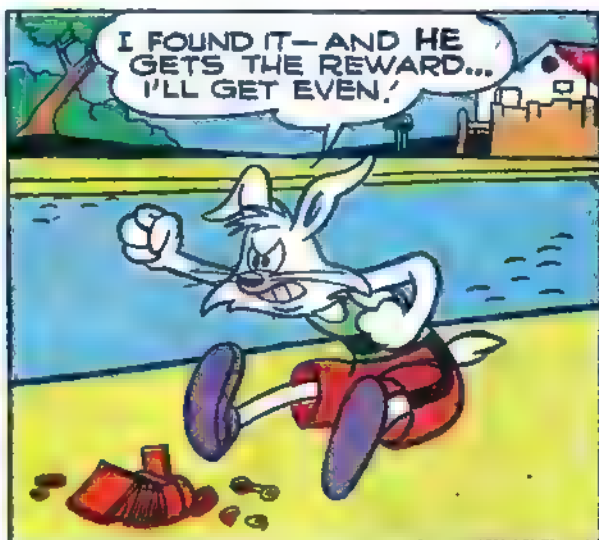
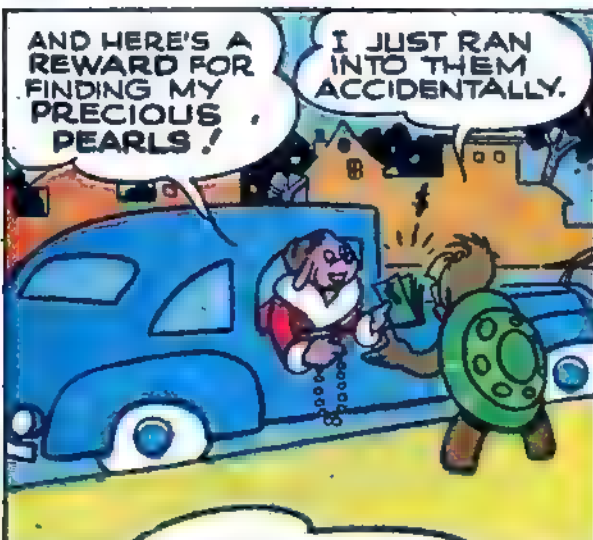




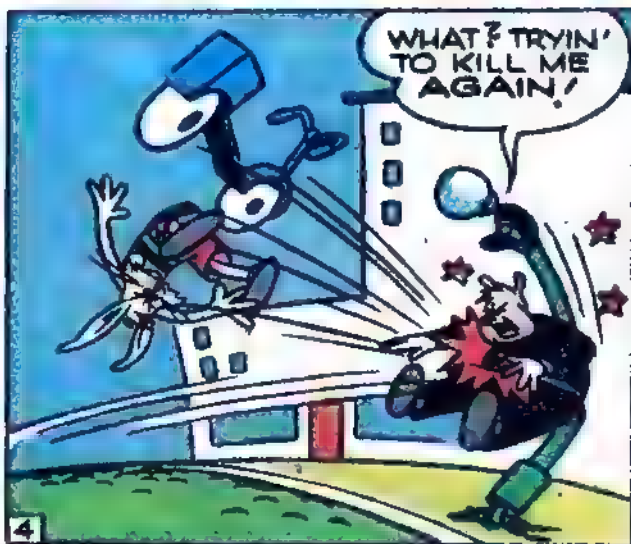
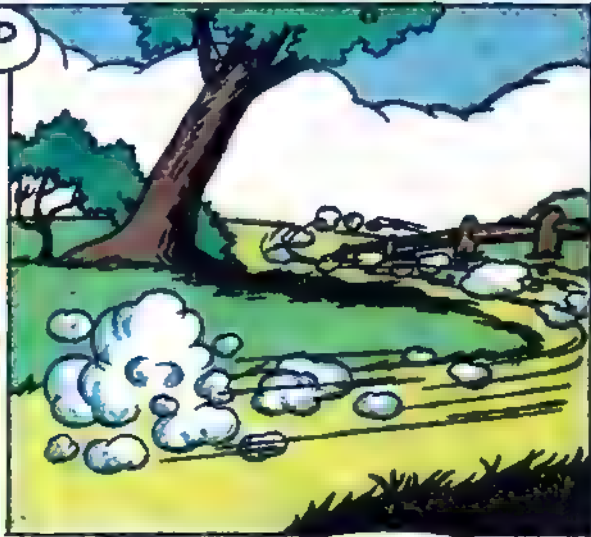
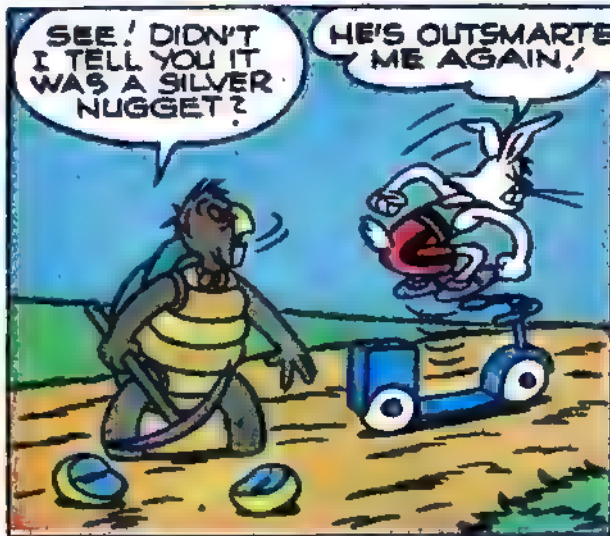
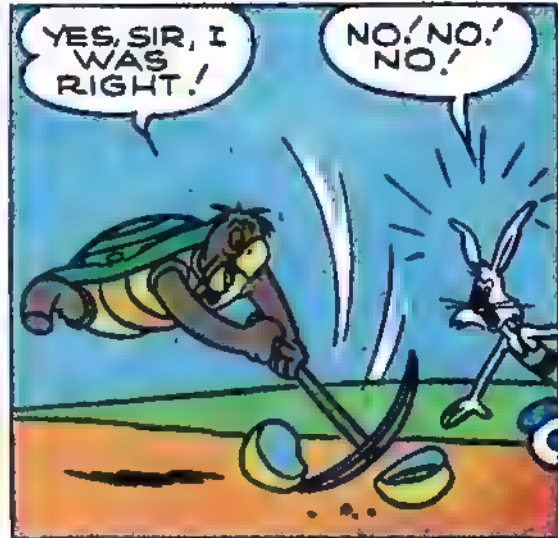
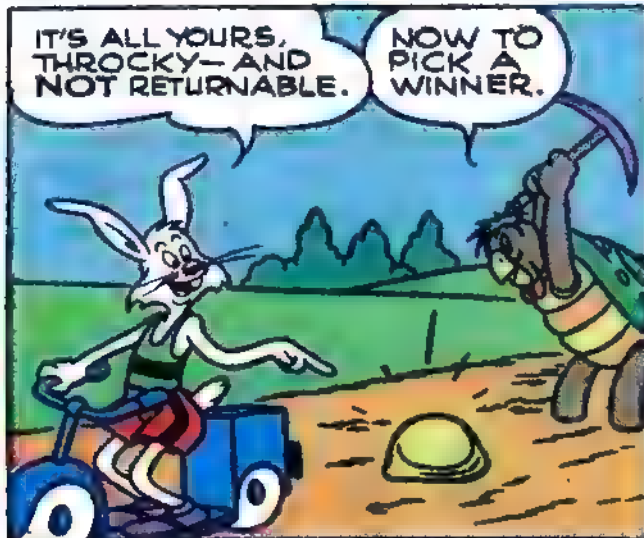














WHEN THROCKY TRIES TO WORK THIS, HE'LL GET HIS LUMPS... NOW TO SWAP IT WITH HIM.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, THROCKY, OLD PAL?

I FOUND IT IN THIS OLD TRUNK. TAKE A LOOK.

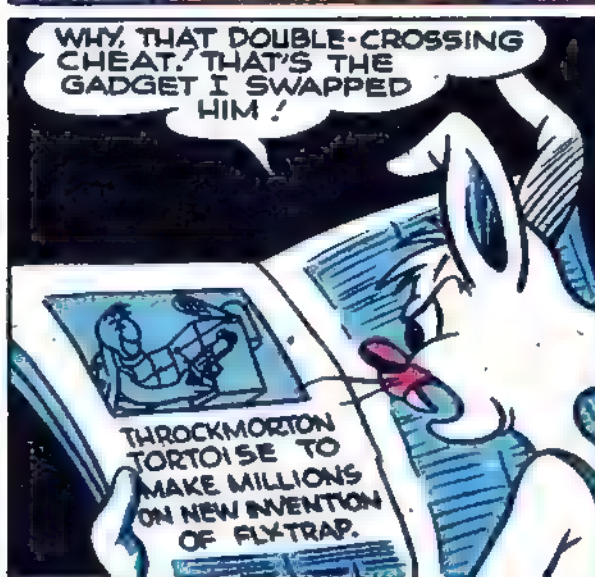
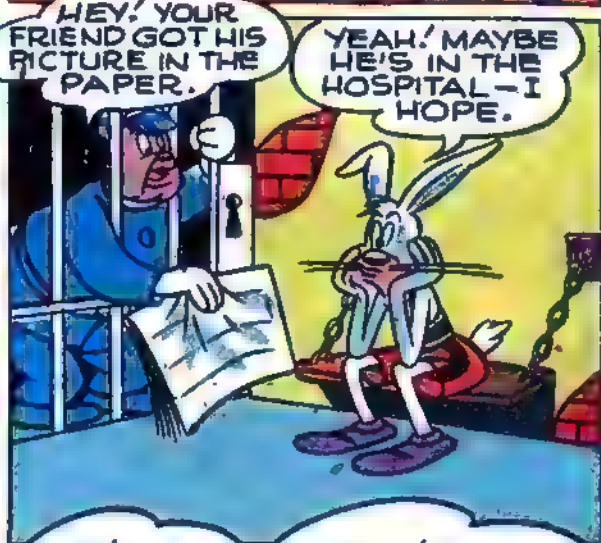
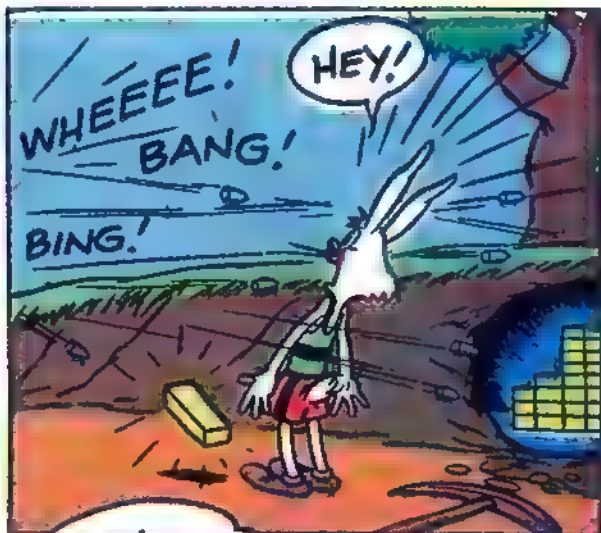
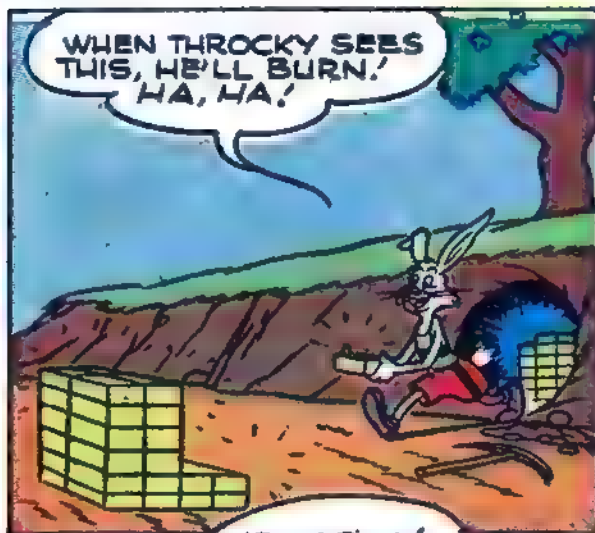
THROCKY, THIS IS AN OLD EGYPTIAN PUZZLE. TRY TO WORK IT BLINDFOLDED.

I THINK IT'S PHONEY, THROCKY. BUT I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON A SWAP.

THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE THE MAP SAYS TO DIG.

OH, BOY! IT'S TRUE. THIS TIME I REALLY MADE A GOOD SWAP.







# PELICAN PETE



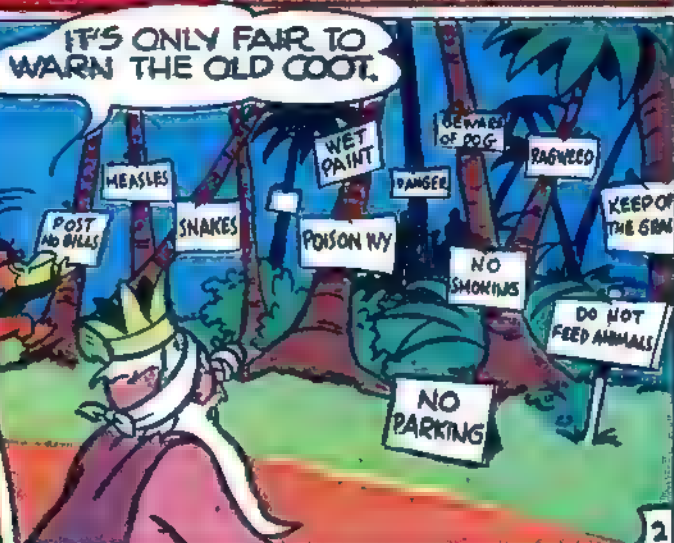
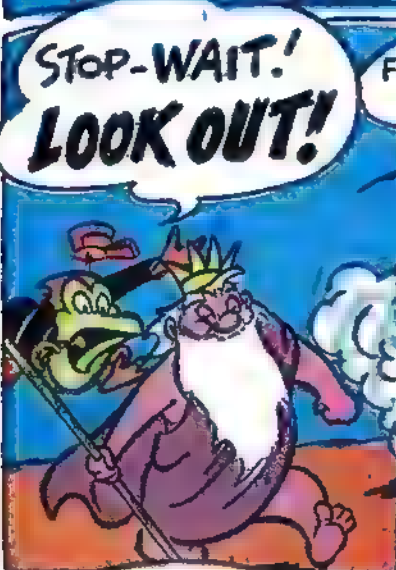
AVAST THERE,  
PELICAN PETE!  
COME HERE!

WELL, WELL -  
IT'S FATHER NEPTUNE,  
KING O' THE BRINY  
DEEP.

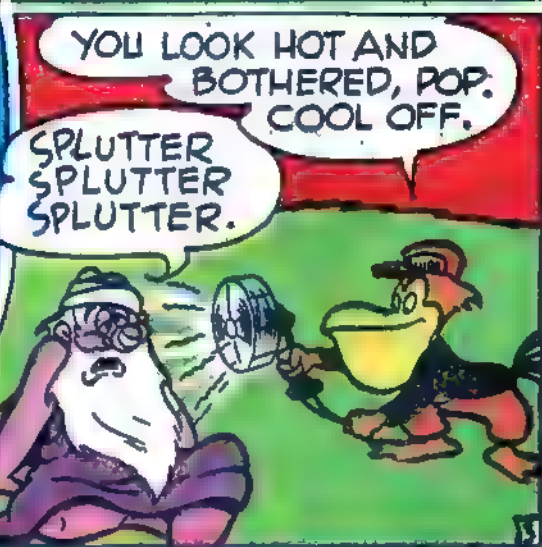
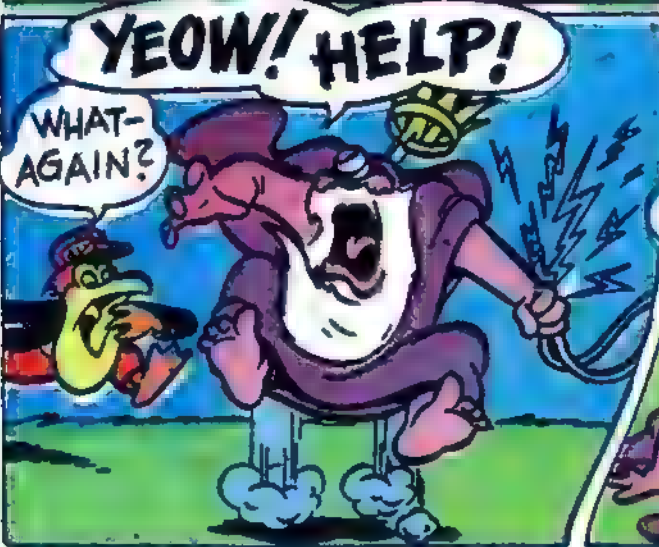
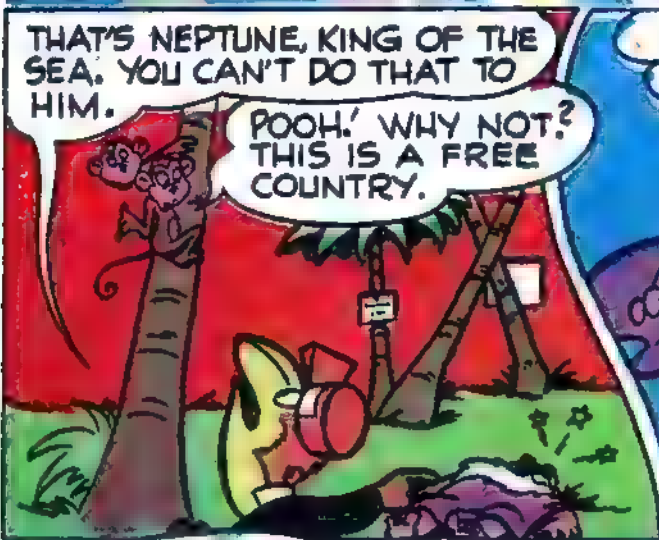
HI-YA, YOUR MAJESTY.  
WHAT'S COOKIN'?

I'M GOIN' ASHORE.  
I WANT A GLIDE AND  
YOU'RE IT!

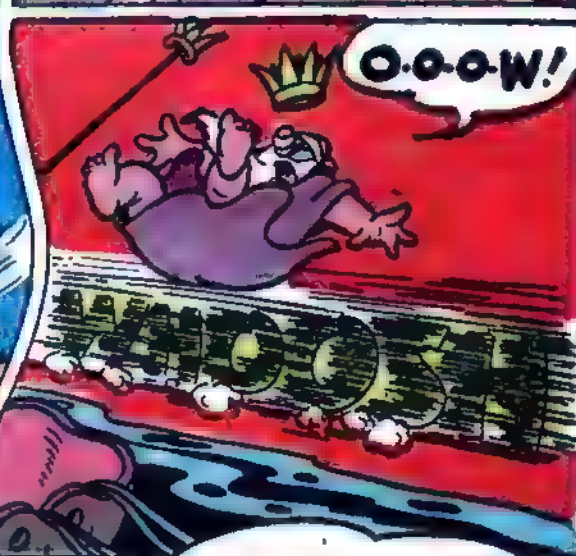
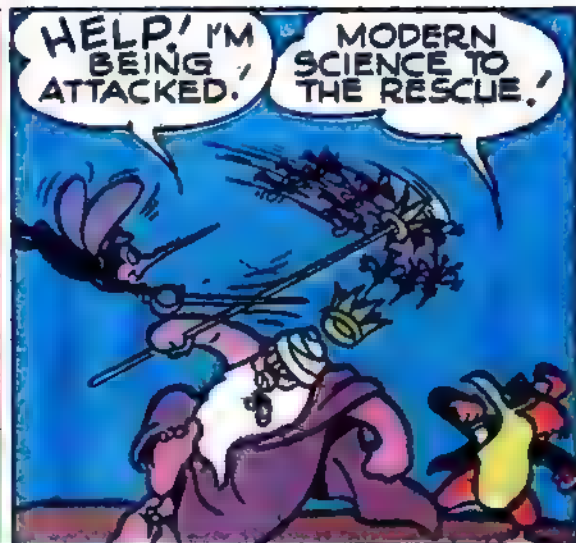
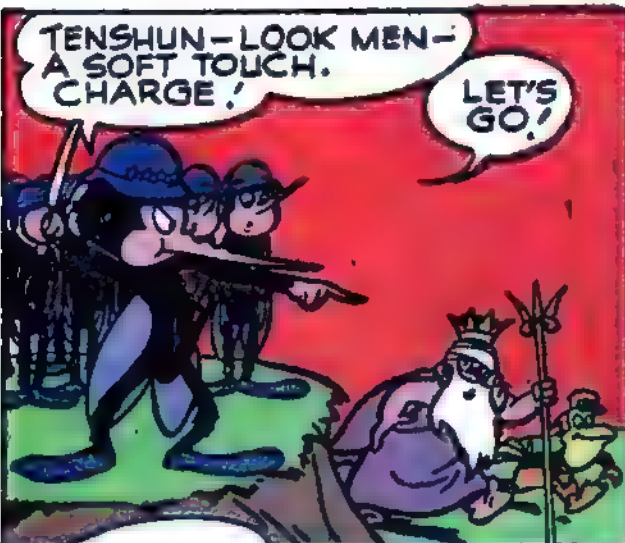




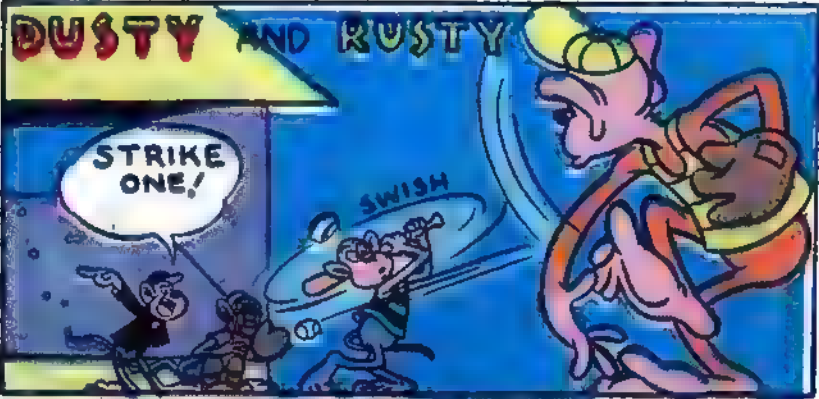












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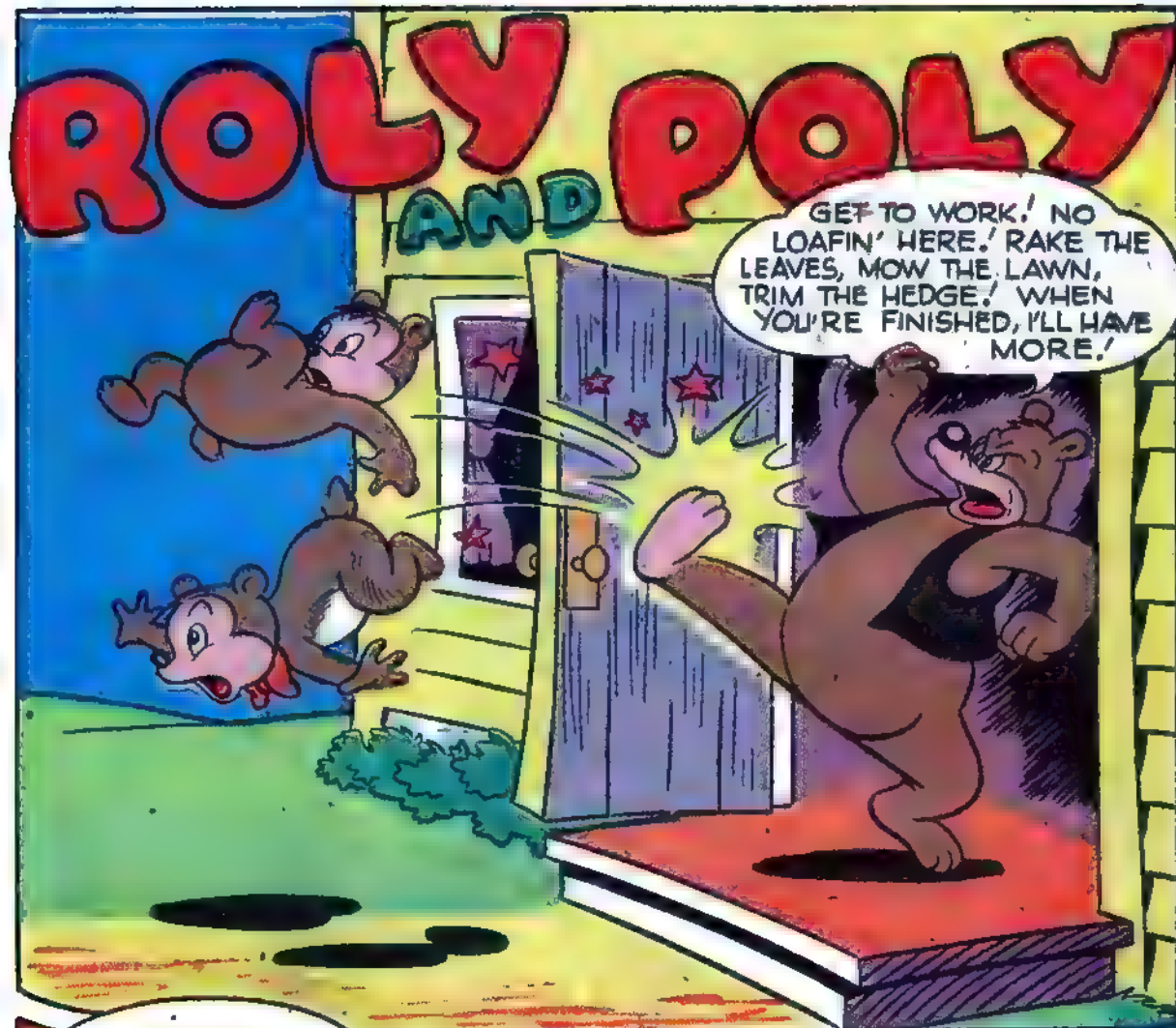
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**TWO ROWS OF BALL BEARINGS**





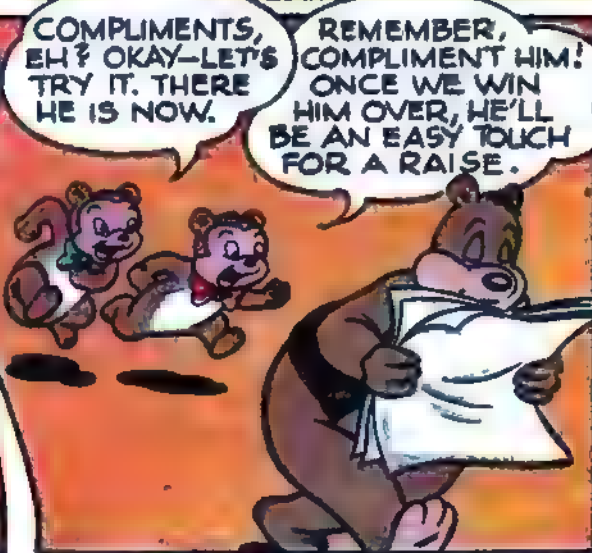
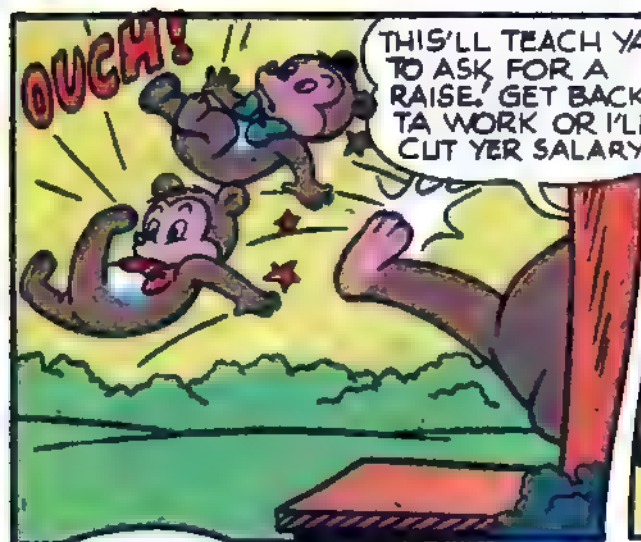
THAT OLD SLAVE-  
DRIVER! WE NEVER  
SHOULDA GONE TO  
WORK FOR HIM!  
WE OUGHTTA QUIT!

OR GET  
MORE  
MONEY!

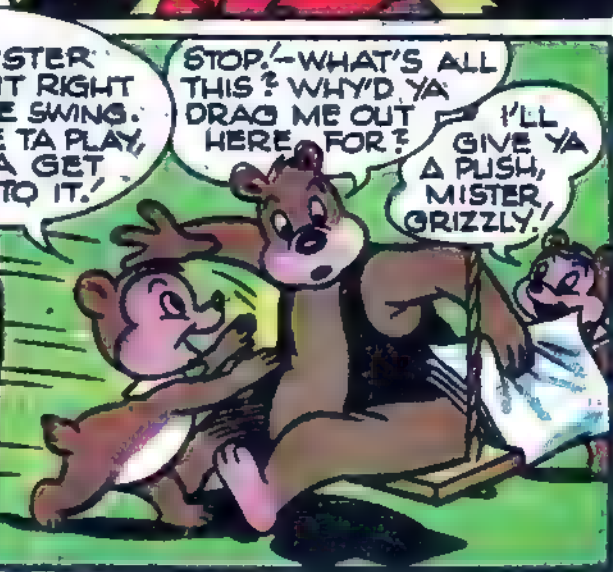
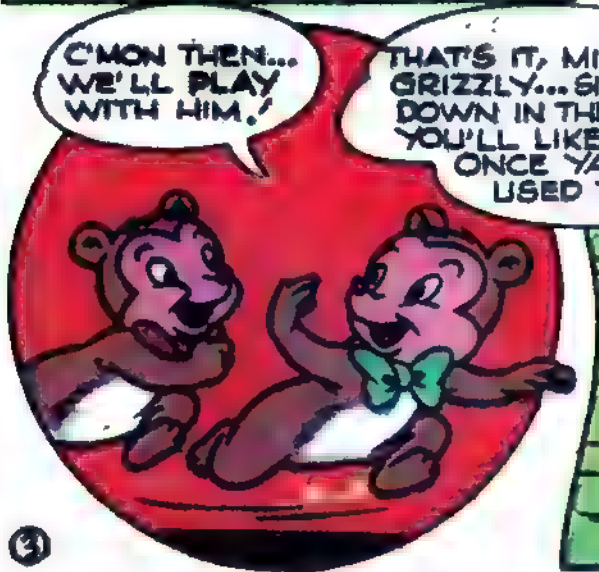
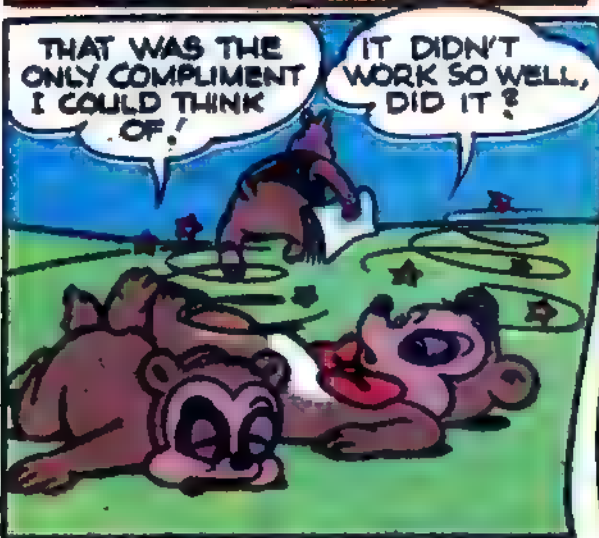
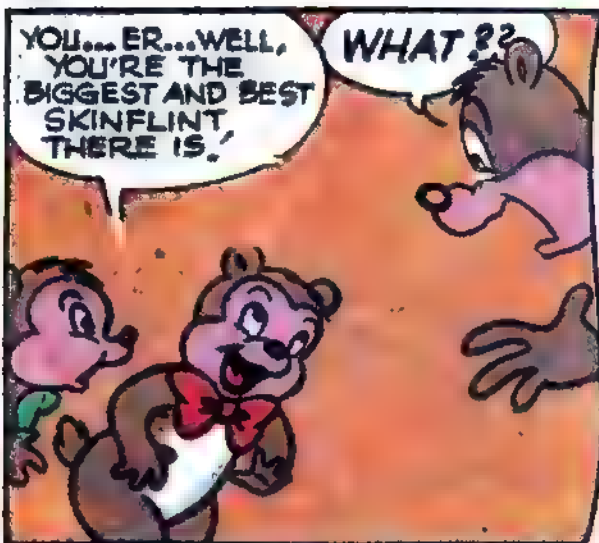
THAT'S IT, POLY!  
WE'LL ASK FOR  
A RAISE!

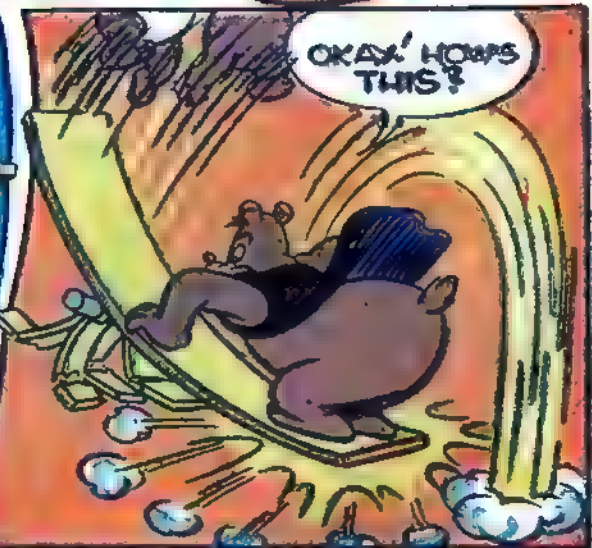
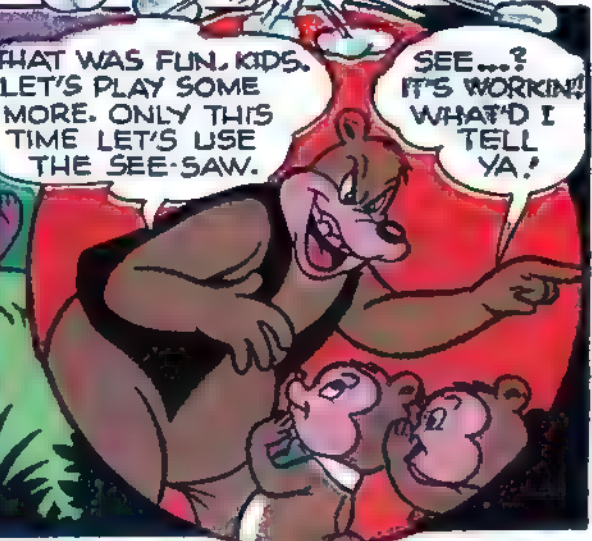
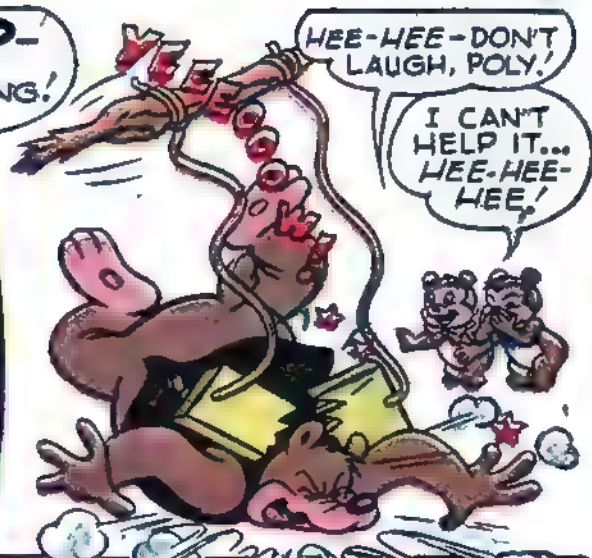
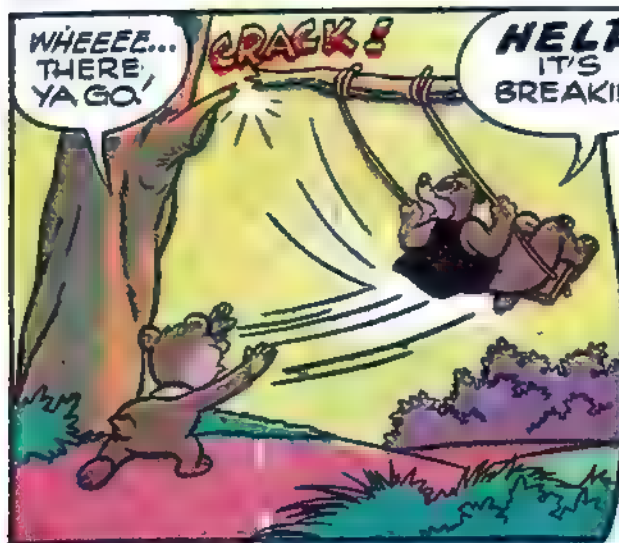
WE'LL  
DEMAND  
IT!













HEY—  
OWOOO!

OOOH!

SOME FUN!  
LEMMIE KNOW  
WHEN YA WANTA  
PLAY SOME MORE!  
NOW GET TO  
WORK!

YOU AND  
YOUR  
IDEAS!

DON'T GIVE UP,  
ROLY. THERE MUST  
BE A WAY. REMEMBER,  
EVERYBODY HAS  
A GOOD SIDE.

I KNOW!  
KINDNESS!  
THAT ALWAYS  
WORKS!

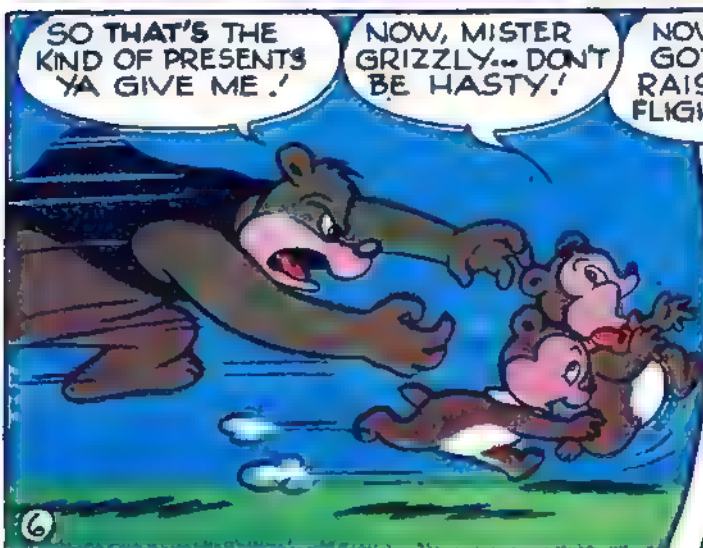
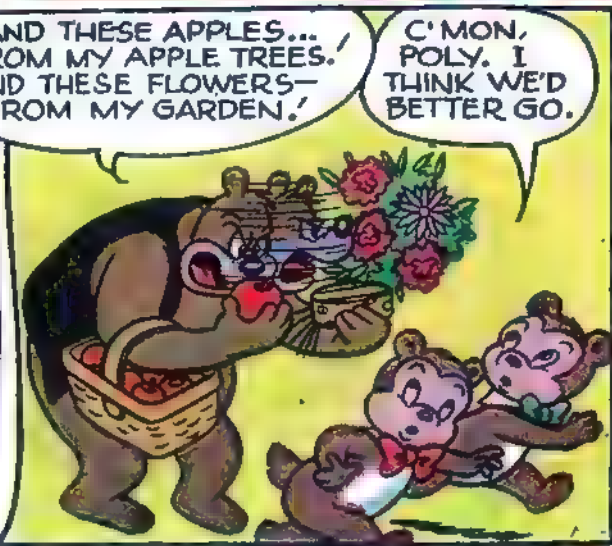
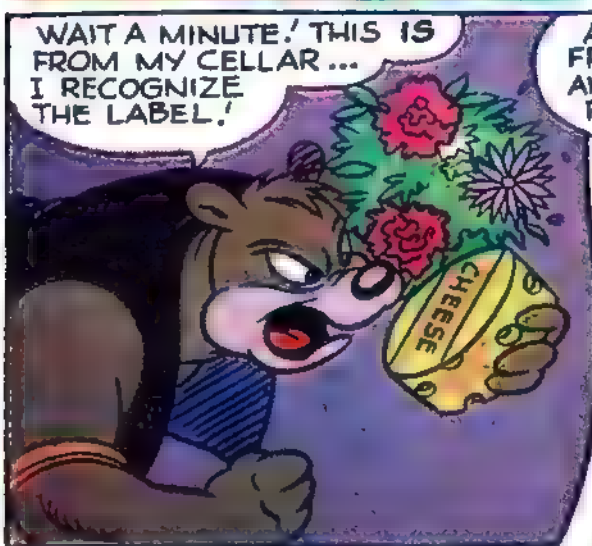
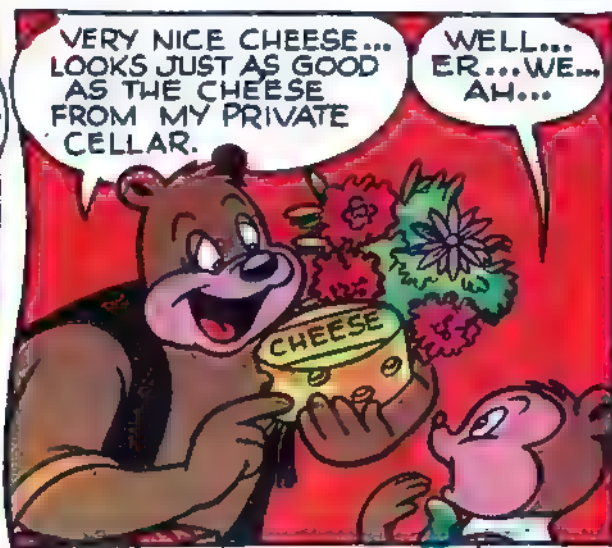
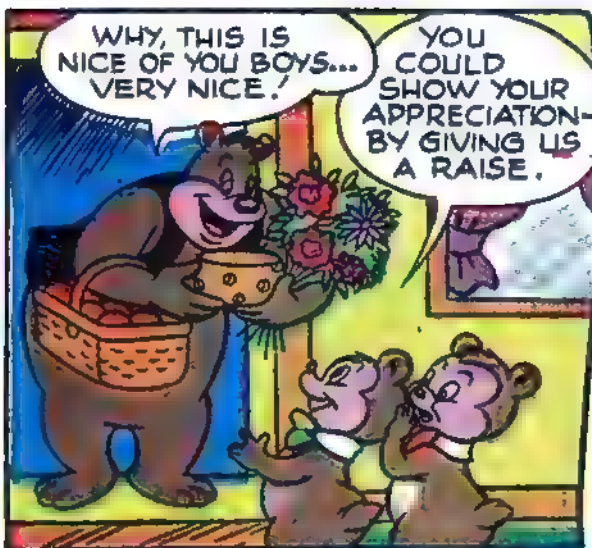
SURE, WE'LL  
BE KIND TO HIM.  
WE'LL SOFTEN  
HIS HEART.

WE'LL BRING  
HIM PRESENTS!

LATER...

MISTER GRIZZLY,  
WE BROUGHT YA  
SOMETHIN' HERE—  
SOME FLOWERS  
AN' APPLES—

AN'  
CHEESE.







# PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE

## WHY BEARS SLEEP ALL WINTER

**PAT** PARROT woke with a start. He had been dreaming that an armada of airplanes was swooping down on him in a power dive. Just as the planes were about to hit him, he awakened. Pat stuck a finger in his ear, but the roar of motors still persisted. He looked around him to make sure that he was at home. He was, but the strange roar went on. However, it wasn't the steady hum that motors make. It seemed to rise and fall, to increase in strength, then almost stop.

A head above him peered out from a hole in the tree. It was Samuel Squirrel, and he looked annoyed.

"For Pete's sake, is that you making all that noise down there?" he inquired shrilly of Patrick.

"Oh, you hear it, too?" said Pat. "I was beginning to think I was hearing things. Goodness knows I talk a lot, but usually only when invited. Wonder what it is? Let's find out," he suggested to Sammy.

As Pat fluttered down from his bough, and Sammy scampered down the trunk of the tree, they found they were not alone. For there were Philo Fox, Casper Chipmunk, and several others, some with fingers in their ears, and all with surprise and disapproval written on their faces. They were standing in front of a small opening, a few paces from Pat's tree.

"Hello everybody," said Pat. "I suppose you're here for the same reason Sammy and I are."

"Yep," said Philo. "We were wondering who was whooping it up, and why."

Just then Oscar Owl flew down, mad as a wet hen. "Whooo's making all the infernal racket," he asked angrily. "A body can't go to sleep with all this noise. Cut it out, will you? I've been up all night, as usual, and need my light hours. Beddy-bye."

As he finished speaking, the noise suddenly stopped. You could hear a pin feather drop. And then a black, moist snout

appeared at the hole, and two beady eyes, then a shaggy head and finally a scrawny brown bear wriggled out from the loose earth that covered the cave.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed everybody in high merriment.

"Well, well! Welcome back to civilization, Rip Van Winkle," said Pat Parrot to Bartholomew Bear.

Bart blinked his eyes at the unexpected reception committee. Then he frowned.

"Can't a person take forty winks in peace without a lot of carrying on by every Tom, Dick and Harry?" he asked sourly.

"Disturbing the peace, you mean," corrected Philo Fox. "You snored so loud that nearly every creature for miles around was heading for his cyclone cellar, thinking we were in for an earthquake."

"You're crazy as a loon," said Bart. "I never snored in my life. By the way, what time is it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Pat. "That's a hot one! He's been hibernating—sleeping, to you—for three months, and he wants to know what time it is! Well, it's exactly half-past Tuesday in early Spring, if you must know."

"Close enough," said Bart. "High time I had some breakfast, don't you think?" and he grinned at all the forest folk.

They looked at him, and easily understood that he could stand a square meal. For the fat, furry brown bear that had said "Goodnight" to them three months ago was now thin and weak looking. Their sympathies were aroused, and in a few minutes he was happily chomping away at an assortment of tempting food they quickly gathered for him.

"Hey, Rip," asked Sammy in fun, "how come you sleep so much? I'm on the go all winter. Of course, I'm well stocked with nuts. They help a lot."

"Nuts, to you, may be a good diet, but I like variety in my food," said Bart with his mouth full.

Pat Parrot cleared his throat. "Ahem!" said he.

Thus reminded, the assemblage begged him to tell them all,



including Bart, why it was that bears curled up every Winter, and slept through it—

"Well," said Pat, "that's one subject about which I am well informed." And he winked at Bart.

"It seems that Ancestor Bear—his name was, er—uh, let me see, well, let's call him Buddy Bear—was quite a jitterbug in his time. Like the grasshopper, he frittered away the whole Summer in fun and frolic. Whenever he was hungry, all he did was stretch out a paw and grab whatever he desired. It was a land of milk and honey, though Buddy never drank milk. But he loved honey. And that was his downfall, in the end.

"You all know that bees store honey against the Winter, just as Sammy Squirrel stores nuts. At the end of Summer, their tree-hives were loaded, and Buddy Bear knew that he could always get his fill.

"What if the angry bees would try to sting him, and once in a while did catch him in a tender spot? With his long, shaggy hair, that grew thicker and heavier as Winter approached, Buddy could laugh at them. Which he did, all Winter long.

"Until the Winter to end all Winters came along. That year Buddy's fur was thicker than ever, for Nature always seems to know when a severe Winter is due, and provides for her children accordingly. But a careless woodsman neglected to put out his camp fire, a wind sprang up, sparks spread and before you could say Robinson



Crusoe, the whole forest was ablaze.

"Well, Buddy Bear got out of it all right, but by the skin only. Every hair on his body was singed off. He was as bare as a hairless Mexican dog. After his long run from the fire, he was tired and hungry. Most-ly hungry. He saw a tree which his instinct told him contained a bee's nest.

"Well, poor Buddy barely lived to rue that day. A thousand bees stung him a thousand times in a thousand places. He was lumps from end to end. He fled again for miles and miles. It was very cold. He was so exhausted and cold that he crawled into a deep cave, and stayed there and slept until his strength and fur returned. That was March 15th. I forget the year.

"Well, ever since then the Bears take no chances. They curl up for the winter and make like Rip Van Winkle. Not a bad idea. Might try it myself some time, if feathers ever get popular on ladies' hats again," concluded Pat (Smile-When-You-Call-Me-A-Fibber) Parrot.

"What's on the menu for dessert?" asked Bartholomew Bear. "I'd like some honey."





# PUSS 'N POOCH

--80--  
--90--  
--100!

COULD DAT BE  
MONEY POOCH  
IS COUNTIN'



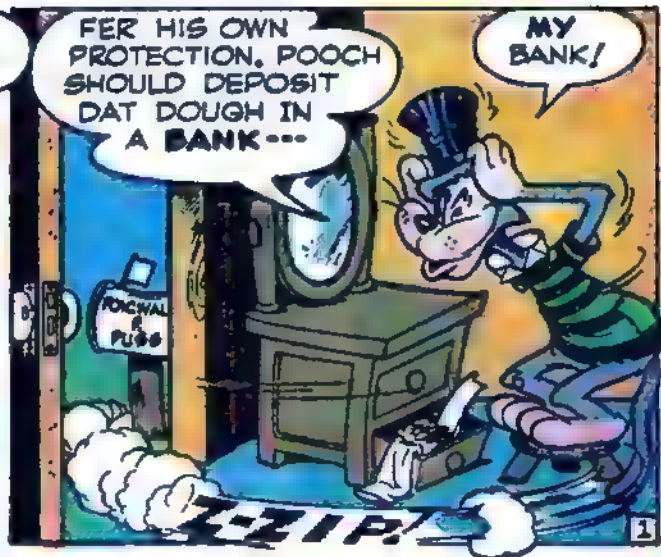
MONEY!--A  
TEMPTAYSHUN  
TO BE  
DISHONEST!

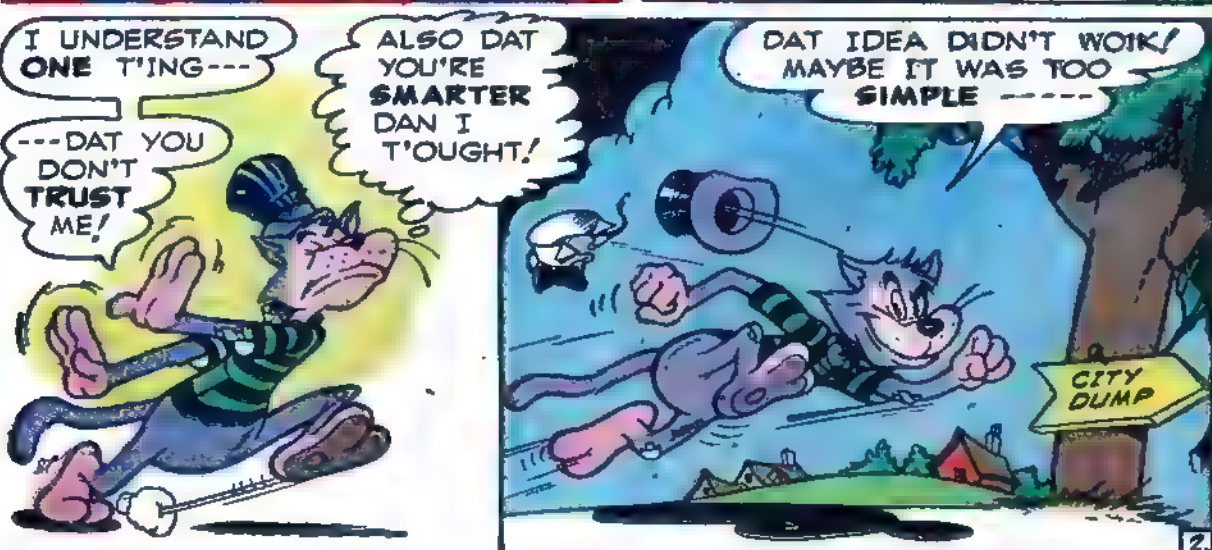
A POSSIBLE  
PITFALL FER  
ME PAL,  
POOCH!



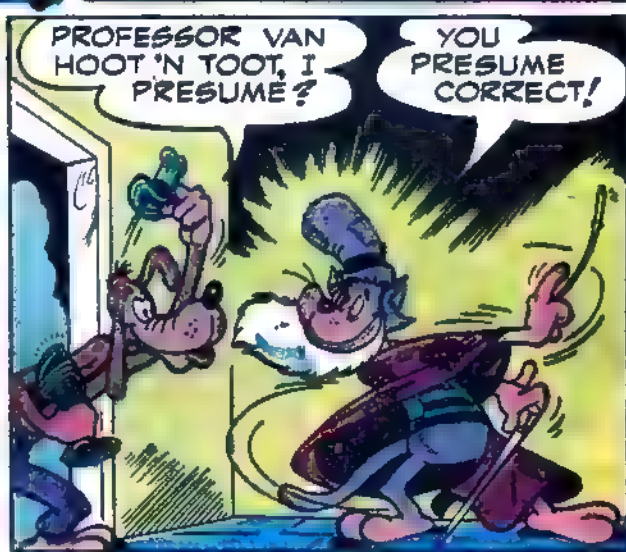
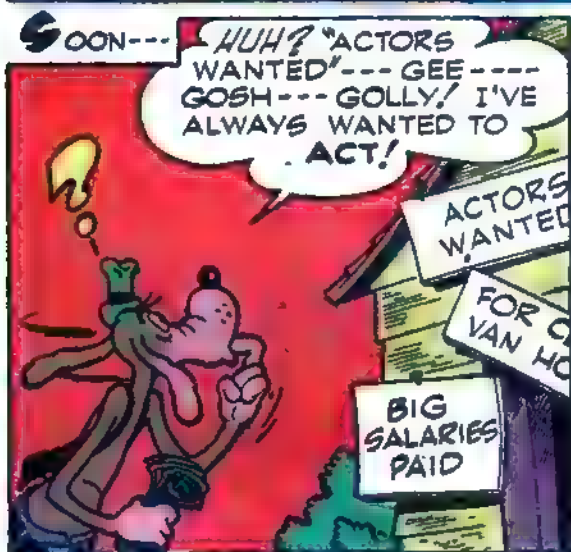
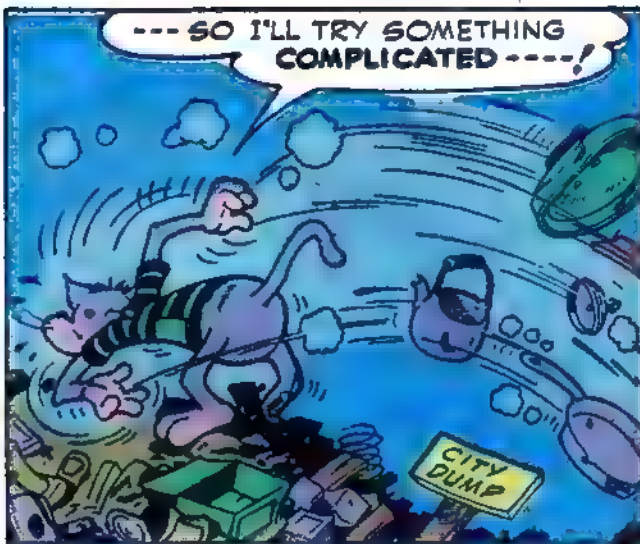
FER HIS OWN  
PROTECTION, POOCH  
SHOULD DEPOSIT  
DAT DOUGH IN  
A BANK---

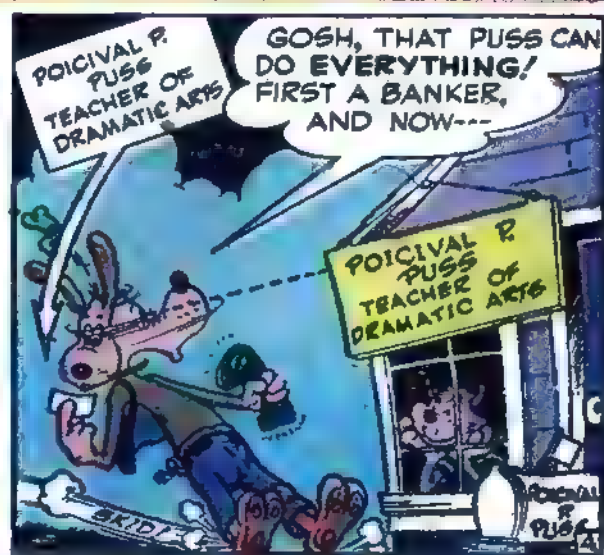
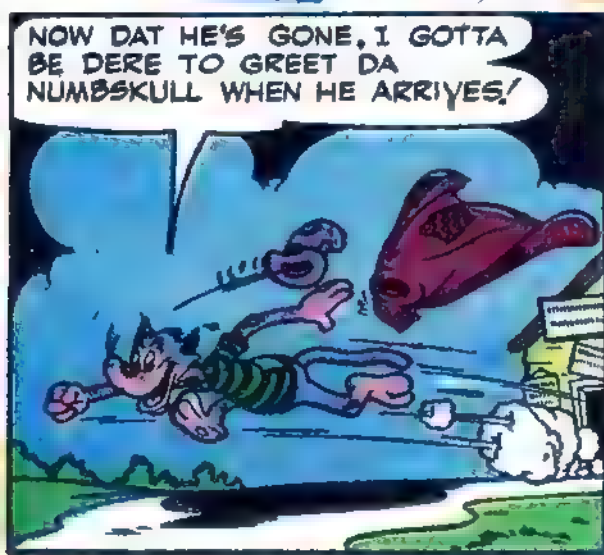
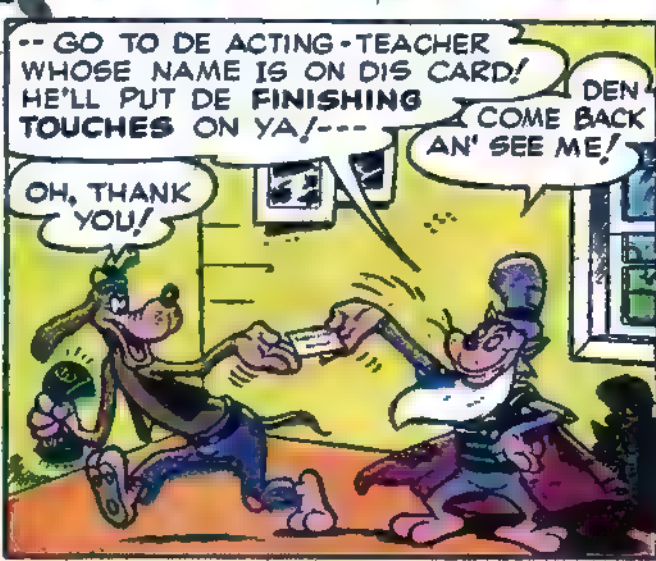
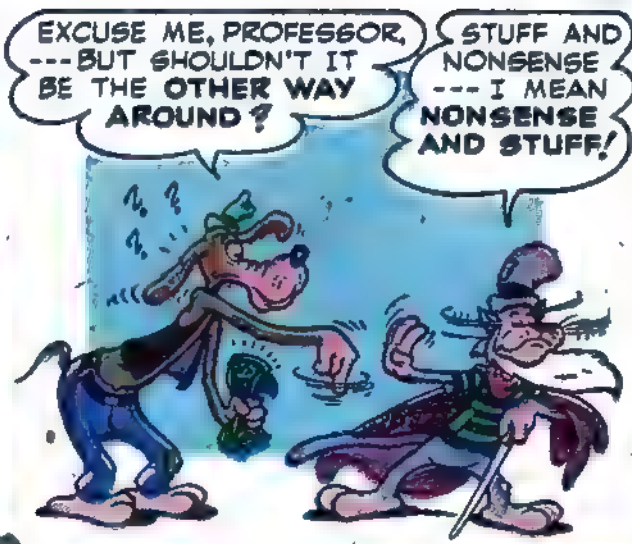
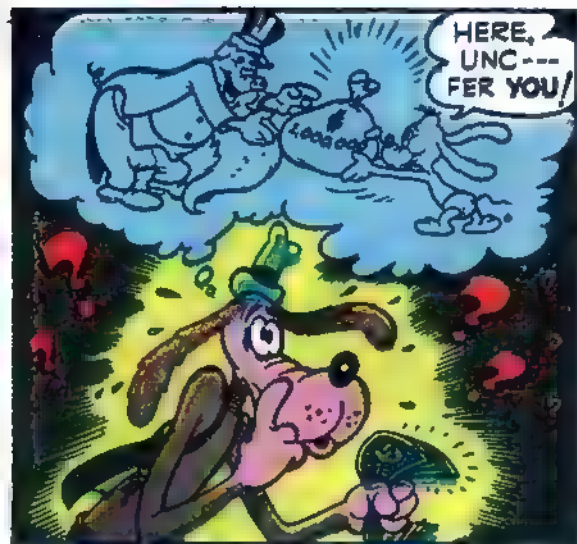
MY  
BANK!



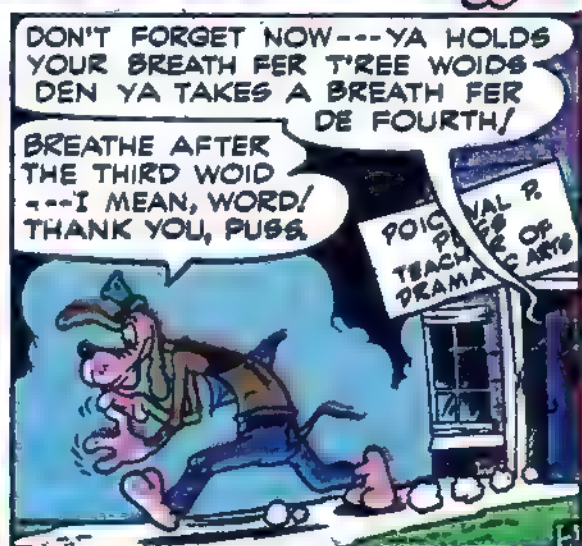
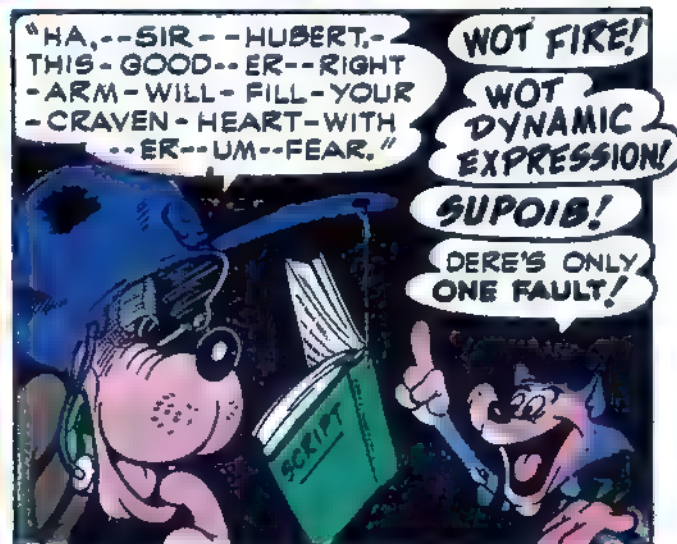
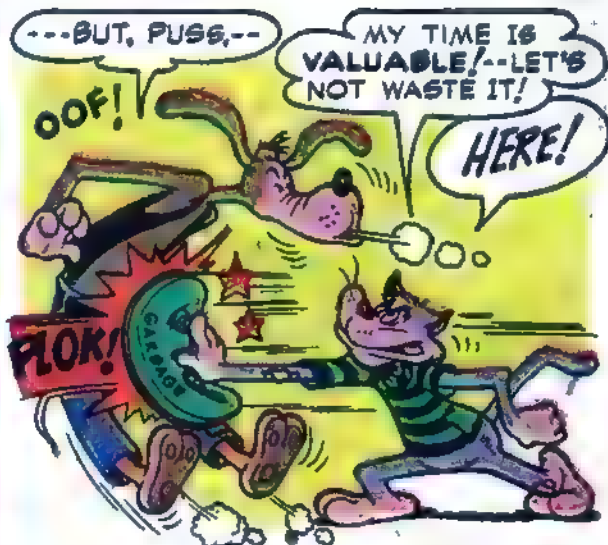








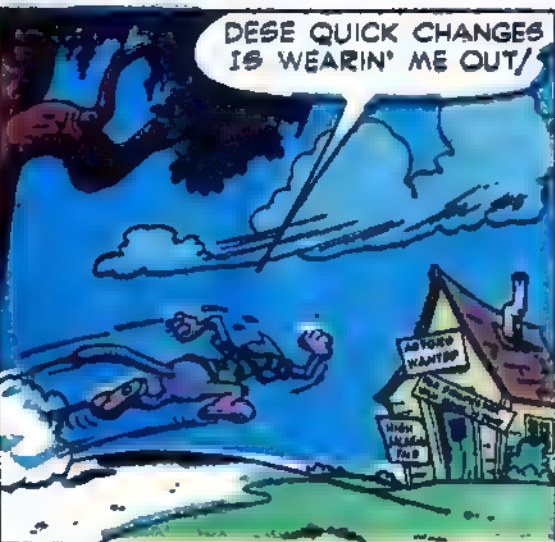




DESE QUICK CHANGES  
IS WEARIN' ME OUT!

HERE I AM,  
PROFESSOR,  
FOR ANOTHER  
TRYOUT!

SO I (PUFF!)  
(PUFF!)---SEE---



OKAY! IMAGINE  
YOUSE  
IS A MILLYUN-AIRE.

YER SWEETHEART'S  
GONNA MARRY  
SOMEBODY ELSE.

YOUSE IS HEART-  
BROKEN.

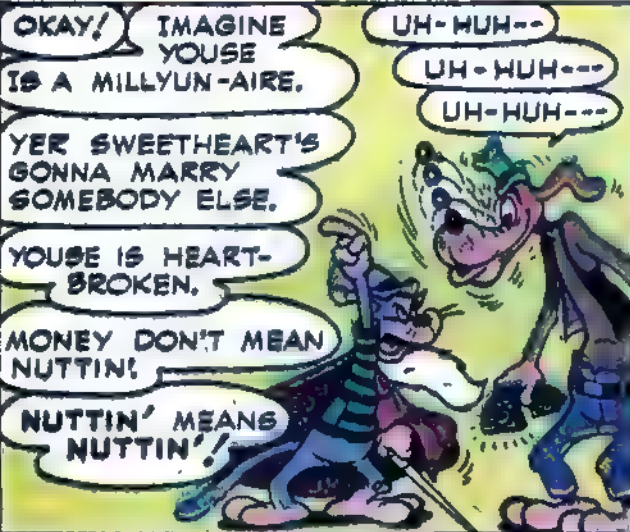
MONEY DON'T MEAN  
NUTTIN!

NUTTIN' MEANS  
NUTTIN'!

UH-HUH--

UH-HUH---

UH-HUH---



I KIN CALL DAT  
HAM A HAM AN'  
BE TELLIN' DE  
TRUTH!

--URGLE---  
GLURGLE---  
UB--GLUB--

A  
NEW  
EXPERIENCE  
FER ME!

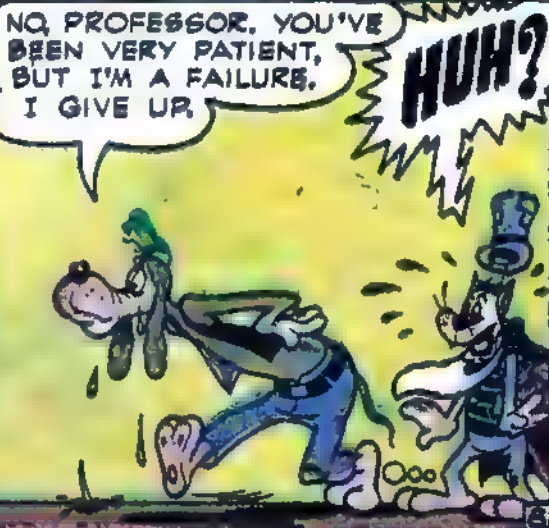


TERRIBLE/  
TERRIBLE!

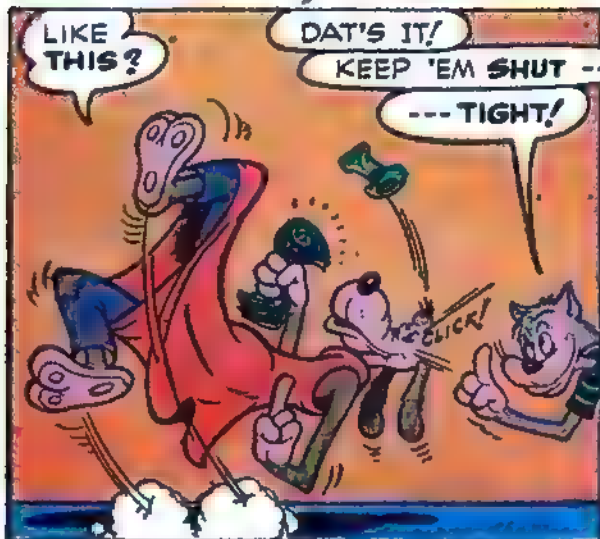
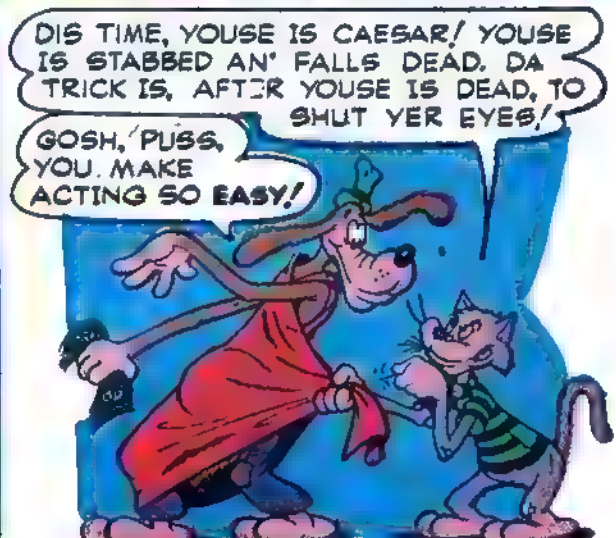
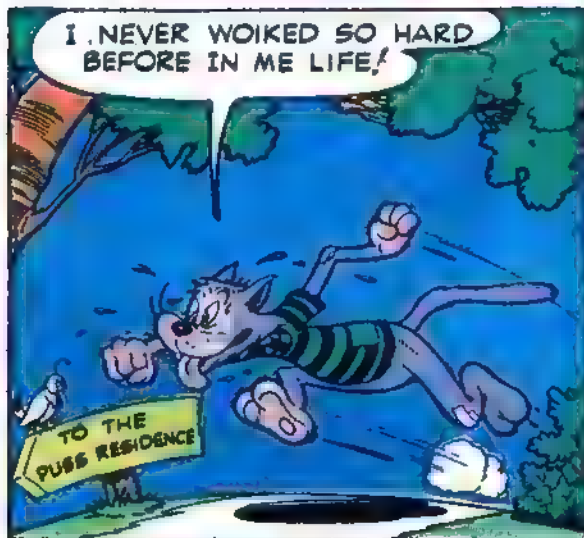
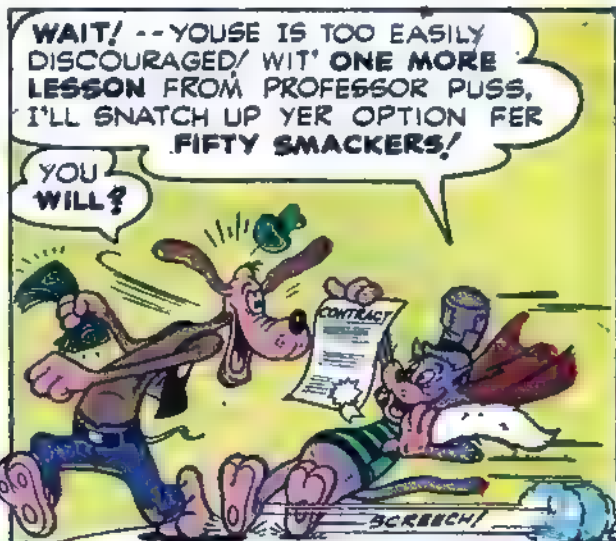
YOUSE NEEDS  
MORE LESSONS!

NO, PROFESSOR, YOU'VE  
BEEN VERY PATIENT,  
BUT I'M A FAILURE.  
I GIVE UP.

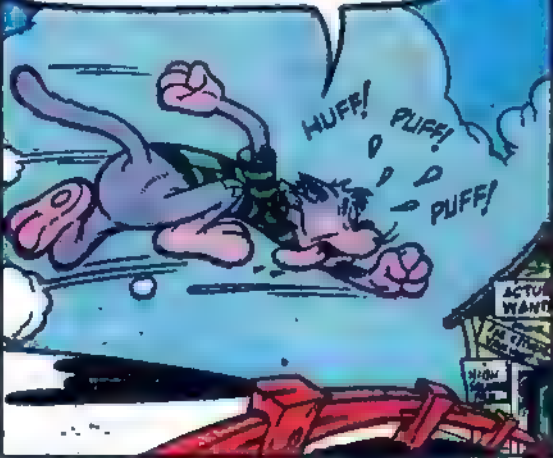
HUH?





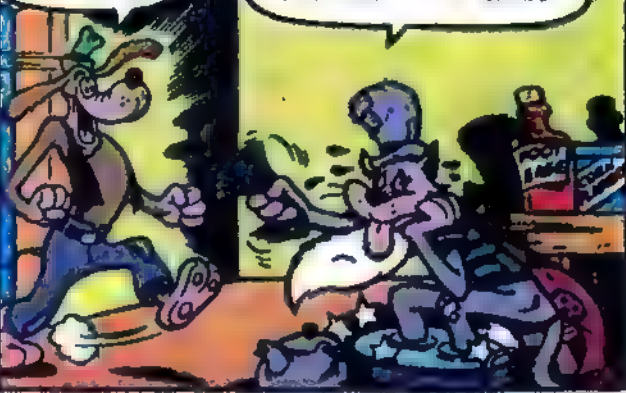


NOW TO BEAT DAT LUNKHEAD  
BACK FER DE LAST TIME!



HUFF! PUFF!  
PUFF!

---AND NOW  
FOR THE CONTRACT/  
DO I NEED  
ANOTHER  
TRYOUT?



DAT WILL NOT BE  
NEEDED/ I KIN SEE  
YOUSE IS ALREADY  
AN ACCOMPLISHED  
ACTOR --- HERE!

I'M A SUCCESS! AND  
I OWE IT ALL TO PUSS  
FOR GIVING ME THOSE  
LESSONS FOR  
NOTHING!

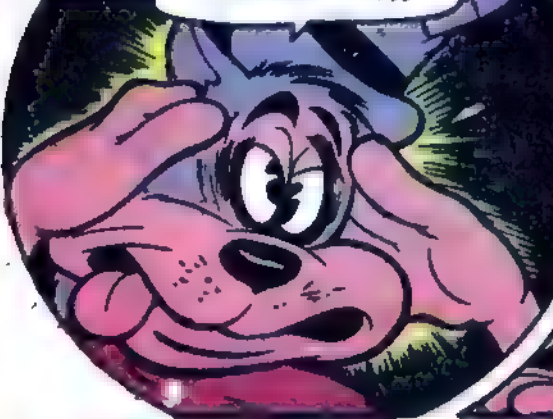


HUH?  
WOT WUZ  
DOSE LAST  
TWO WOIDS?

SURE/ THAT HUNDRED DOLLARS  
WAS HIS/ REYNARD GAVE IT TO  
ME TO PAY FOR A CAR PUSS  
SOLD HIM. PUSS NEVER GAVE ME  
A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN, BUT IT'S  
OKAY, ---HE HAS IT NOW!



IS IT FOR DIS I WOIKED MESELF  
INTO A NOIVOUS WRECK?  
---TO PAY HIM MY  
MONEY??!!!



BILKED BY ME OWN SELF! ---  
BUNCOED BY ME OWN  
MACHINATIONS!

WHAT'S  
PROFESSOR VAN  
HOOT 'N TOOT SO  
UPSET ABOUT?  
I WAS TALKING  
ABOUT PUSS!



PLOP!

THE END!





### Start Your Own Pop Icicle Factory

Mix one package of Old Mill Stabilizer (prevents Pop Icicle from freezing into solid ice) with a quart of your favorite pop, root beer, cola or fruit juice and freeze in your automatic refrigerator... that's all there is to it. You'll have all the delicious Pop Icicles you want for about 1¼ cents each\*. Use the rust-proof aluminum handles included in every package over and over again.

Be the first to treat your gang to Pop Icicles. Have a Pop Icicle party—your friends will really like Pop Icicles!

\*Cost may vary according to the size and number of cubes in your ice tray.

It's fun... It's easy  
to make ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> ~~at a time~~  
**POP ICICLES**  
AT HOME

**get the FREE DEAL  
at GROCERS NOW!**



Every 2-package deal — containing 6 re-usable aluminum handles — makes dozens of Pop Icicles. You can also get 12 additional handles in the handy instruction envelope at your grocer.

If your grocer doesn't have Old Mill send this coupon.

**OLD MILL CORP., 1829 S.W. Park Ave., Portland 1, Ore.**

My grocer doesn't have Old Mill Pop Icicle Deals! Please find 25¢ enclosed for my sample Pop Icicle Kit containing one package of Old Mill and 12 re-usable aluminum handles. Postpaid in U.S.A.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY  STATE

MY GROCER'S NAME

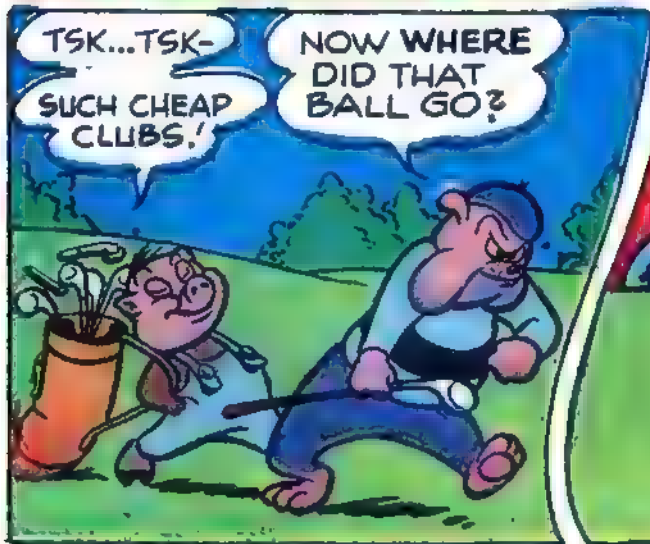
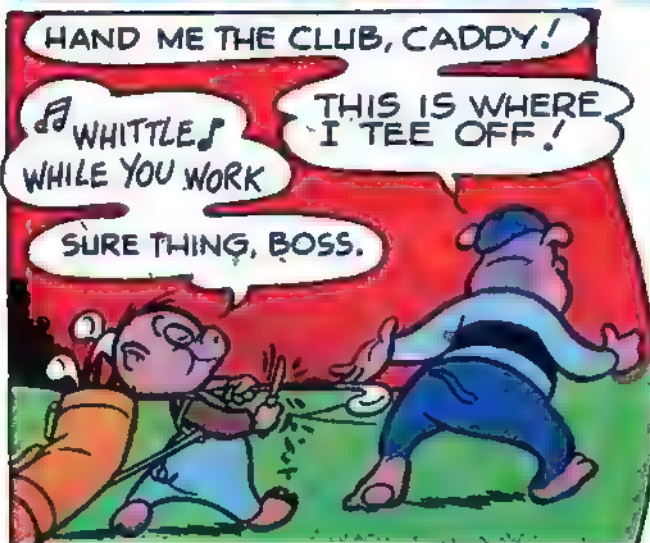
HIS ADDRESS

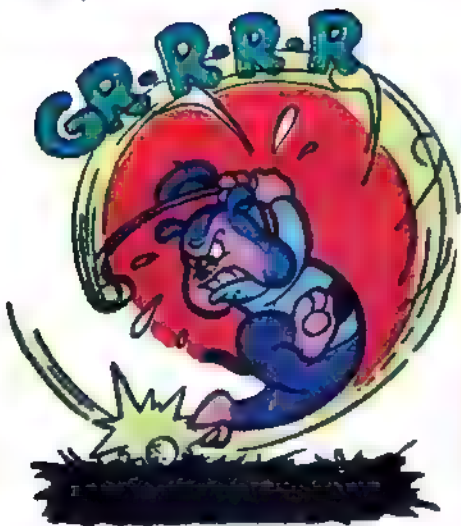


# PETER PORKCHOPS







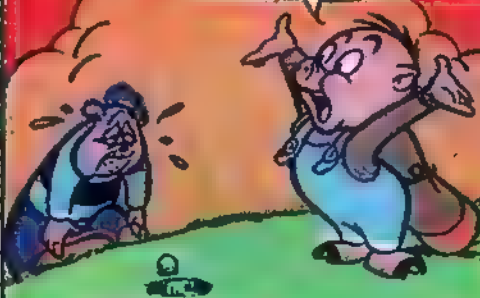




155 STROKES LATER ...

WELL, HERE WE ARE—

ONLY 3 INCHES AWAY  
FROM THE 18TH HOLE!



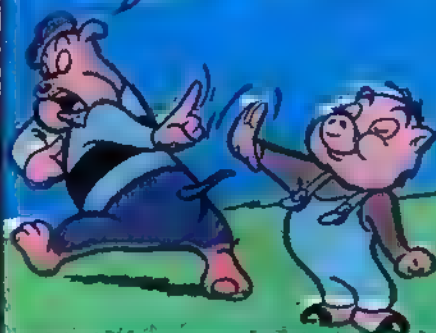
CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THIS ONE—

MY REP AS THE CLUB CHAMP  
IS AT STAKE!



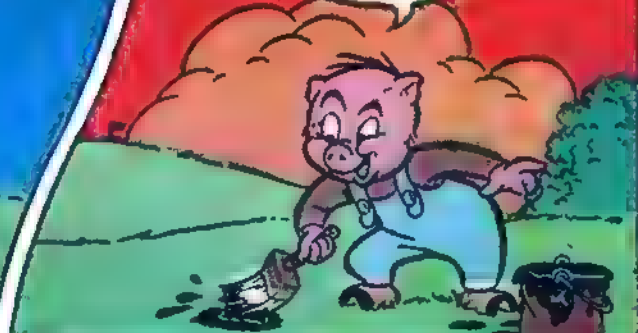
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!  
KEEP YOUR EYE ON  
THE BALL WHILE  
I'M GONE!

DON'T  
WORRY!



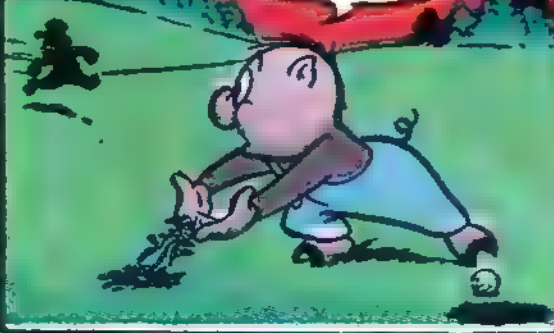
I GOTTA WORK FAST!

FIRST I GOTTA PAINT  
THIS TO LOOK LIKE A  
HOLE!



NOW TO COVER UP THE  
REAL HOLE WITH GRASS!

AH! THERE HE  
IS NOW!



I WANT TO MAKE ABSOLUTELY  
SURE I'M NOT GONNA  
MISS THIS  
ONE!

YOU'RE VERY CLEVER,  
CHUMP! I MEAN  
CHAMP!



NOW TO TEST THE DIRECTION  
OF THE WIND.

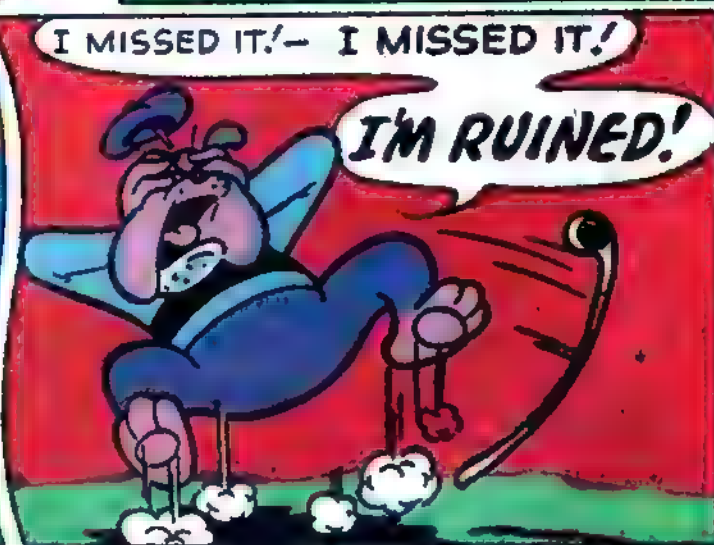


I MUST HAVE ABSOLUTE  
QUIET!



I MISSED IT!— I MISSED IT!

I'M RUINED!



PLEASE DON'T BREATHE A  
WORD OF THIS TO ANYBODY!  
I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND FOR  
LIFE!



SURE! I'LL EVEN DROP THE BALL  
INTO THE HOLE FOR YOU AND  
CHANGE YOUR SCORE CARD!

A GOPHER  
HOLE!





THANKS, PAL!

I KNEW YA WOULDN'T  
LET ME DOWN!

BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE  
HOLE...

DID YOU INVITE  
ANYBODY FOR  
SUPPER?

THIS LOOKS MORE  
LIKE ONE OF YOUR  
FRIENDS!

THE WAY HE'S  
GRABBING FOR THE  
FOOD!

HEY!  
WHA—

HALP! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT—  
I DIDN'T MEAN TO—

SO YA CHEATED ON  
YOUR SCORE!

WELL, HIDING WON'T  
HELP YA!

— WHICH PROVES THAT  
A HIT AND RUN DRIVER  
ALWAYS GETS CAUGHT  
IN THE END.

THE END



# GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS  
just like the real McCoy!

Be Sure You Get  
the One and Only  
Authorized  
DICK TRACY  
Tommy Gun

- ★ Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action.
- ★ All-metal, precision-cut, hardened copper alloy.
- ★ Real gun-metal finish.
- ★ Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

*Over 20 Inches long*

## NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

## THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

**PARENTS:** Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only \$3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!

**\$3.79**  
POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED  
TIME ONLY



**TAT-TAT  
RAPID-FIRE  
TRIGGER  
ACTION  
TAT-TAT**

Much  
larger  
than  
pictured  
here!  
Actually  
over 20  
inches  
long

A Thrilling Episode  
in the Lives of  
**SECRET AGENT X-28**  
and His Son JUNIOR

GET THOSE HANDS  
UP IN THE AIR... X-28!  
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!

NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60  
SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE  
YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE  
FORMULA... OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!

OKAY, KID. ONLY BE  
CAREFUL WITH THAT  
THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF!

BEACH FOR THE  
CEILING  
FELLAS. I'LL  
SHOOT THE  
FIRST GUY  
WHO MOVES!

HURRY, OPERATOR. SEND  
THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET  
AGENT "X-28'S" APARTMENT  
RIGHT AWAY!

I HAVE TO HAND  
IT TO YOU,  
JUNIOR. THAT  
WAS CERTAINLY  
LAST THING!

IT'S LUCKY I  
HAD THIS DICK  
TRACY TOMMY  
GUN WITH ME.  
IT LOOKS SO  
MUCH LIKE THE  
REAL THING, IT  
FOOLS MOST  
PEOPLE!

YOU MEAN  
TO SAY THAT  
TOMMY GUN  
ISN'T REAL?  
WHY, I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!

YES, KID.  
THIS DICK TRACY  
TOMMY GUN LOOKS  
SO REAL YOU  
WOULDN'T BELIEVE  
IT EITHER. AND  
NAG-NAG-NAG-NAG  
GET ONE EXACTLY  
LIKE IT FOR ONLY  
\$3.79 IF YOU  
Mail the Coupon Now!

**MAIL HANDY  
COUPON NOW**

**PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-124**  
6800 South Dearborn St., Chicago 9, Ill.

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

### CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79. Please ship postpaid.  
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.  
Please in Canada add 50c No C.O.D.'s

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**Free!**

**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY  
DETECTIVE BADGE IS WORTH \$2.00**

even if you are not delighted with your  
DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not  
completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY  
GUN for a complete refund and keep this  
wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective  
Badge. FREE!





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*Your* COPY!



# ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

## DRAMA ON THE HIGHWAY!

THAT WAS A TIGHT GAME - I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D WIN!

YEAH! BUT AFTER YOU DRANK THAT BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA YOUR FAST BALL MOWED 'EM DOWN

SAY, DON'T YOU FELLOWS TALK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT BASEBALL-LOOK AT THAT MOON

LOOK AT THAT TRUCK! HE MUST BE DOING ABOUT 70!

AND LOOK AT THAT CAR-THE COPS MUST BE AFTER HIM!

HEY, LOOK-HI-JACKERS!

DON'T STOP "R.C." LET'S GET OUT OF HERE

THERE'S ONLY TWO HI-JACKERS-COME ON

SH-H! THEY'VE GOT GUNS, YOU GALS BETTER STAY HERE AND KEEP DOWN

I'VE GOT A BALL, QUICKIE. LOOK OUT, I'M GOING TO BEAN ONE OF THEM!

A BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA IF YOU DO

A FEW MINUTES LATER "R.C." AND QUICKIE PASS A SIDE ROAD. THEY SEE THE SAME TRUCK AND CAR...AND A MAN WITH A GUN



AND THESE BOYS SAVED ME, SHERIFF!

NICE WORK, BOYS. YOU DESERVE A REWARD!

MAN, THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA IS ALL THE REWARD I WANT

YOU SAID IT, QUICKIE! IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!

WILLIAM BOYD STAR OF THE HOPALONG CASSIDY SERIES, SAYS:

RIGHT YOU ARE! R.C. DOES TASTE BEST

William Boyd took the cola taste-test-picked Royal Crown Cola best-tasting. Try it! Say, "R.C. for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola - best by taste-test!

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test

